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Poetry.

For the Blade.

EXPERIMENTING.

BY MAE DE LANCIE.

I set my heart upon teaching, you see;
Hurrah!
And the dear old school-room belonged to me;
But, ah!
The children's faults they could not see,
And, of course, the blame was laid on me—
Then teaching is not what 'tis said to be,
Ah! me!

I set my heart upon writing then;
Hurrah!
And thought to move the world with my pen;
But, ah!
So many adopted the same profession,
I soon grew weary of competition,
And found I'd "mistaken my avocation,"
To their elation.

And then I set my heart upon gold;
Hurrah!
My health and peace for it I sold;
But, ah!
My health and peace for it I sold;
The result was the same, all may see,
It very soon flew away from me,
And nothing was left but poverty,
Ah! me!

And then I set my heart upon fame!
Hurrah!
And thought to win a glorious name;
But! ah!
Though at first the public knelt at my shrine
And held to my lips the rosy wine,
They left me, another wreath to twine,
More fresh than mine.

Then I launched my bark upon wedlock's sea;
Hurrah!
And a lovely woman sailed with me;
But, ah!
How seldom do mortals e'er count the cost—
Our path by tempests soon was crossed,
Our bark upon the breakers tossed,
And was lost.

I've set my heart upon nothing, at last;
Hurrah!
And buried my failures with the past;
But, ah!
As we travel on to the beautiful land,
We still leave footprints in the sand,
As waymarks for the pilgrim band,
Go hand in hand.

Toledo, Ohio.

THE EGGS THAT NEVER HATCH.

There's a young man on the corner,
Filled with life, and strength and hope,
Looking far beyond the Present,
With the whole world in his scope,
He is grasping at To-morrow,
That phantom none can catch;
To-day he's lost. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,
With a worn and weary face,
With searching, anxious features,
And weak, uncertain pace.
He is living in the Future,
Which he desires to catch;
The golden Now. He's waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,
With their life's work yet undone,
Who are sitting, standing, moving
Beneath the same great sun;
Ever eager for the Future,
Not content to snatch
The Present. They are waiting
For the eggs that never hatch.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

Our Story Teller.

A BLONDE WIG.

BY FRANCIS FOOTE.

During my college years my father gave me a munificent allowance, and after I had been graduated he presented me with $5,000, saying "go abroad for six months before settling down to business, Frank, for go to work you must, and what is more, you must get your position on your own responsibility. I have given you a liberal education, and can do no more for you. I started out with $10 and Colburn's arithmetic at my finger tips, and if Harvard and five thousand can't do as much for you, you have my sympathy, but not another cent."

My father's parting words disturbed me continually. Indeed, I cut short my European trip, and returned home with two thousand dollars payable to my account, that I might not forego the luxuries to which I had been accustomed while looking for a position among my father's many friends.

It would be a waste of time for me to describe my many unsuccessful experiences. Day after day I received the same answer. "Would be glad to aid your father's son, but any position you would take happens to be filled, and then you have no experience and little capital. You can succeed if in you go to work out, without help from your father, but I fear you will not succeed as you would were he to back you." Day after day my little bank account dwindled away, and evening after evening I posed as the society man, without a care in the world beyond flirtations and irreproachable costumes.

I had seen my father but once since my return—then he had said to me, "Now, Frank, we will see what you are made of. You will have my money when I die, but until then you'll work for your living. Don't be proud. Be a clerk in a counting-room, if your languages and metaphysics haven't fitted you for anything else. I heard of you the other night at a german. You'd have to give those things up if you don't earn enough money a day for the flowers you used to send, won't you? But never mind, it's discipline for you."

I left his office bitterly angry. Why had he brought me up that in manner only to cast me off without a cent? I was no more to him than his office boy, perhaps not so much, for he would not under any consideration give me the three dollars a week which he paid to that young gamin.

During the last few years I had written many a poetry which had been hailed with delight by those worthy men, the editors of the college papers. It usually contained a dash of positiveness, a flavor of pessimism, with many enigmatical illusions, in accordance with the prevalent style. As I read over a few of these to persons which had never seen the light, I looked on them as very neat productions.

Perhaps I could succeed as a litterateur I had heard several of the most literary men in my class tell of the difficulty with which they had prevailed upon editors to read their MSS., and how often after reading a few pages they had returned them with a printed circular. Before I dropped any of my precious poems into the editorial whirlpool, never to be seen again unless some of the most forcible ideas should be transposed into an original leader by the editor himself, I would try the effect of a little scheming.

I selected a short, unfamiliar poem of Wordsworth's, and sent it to a prominent daily paper, with my name and address. In a week's time it was returned to me with a note, saying "the descriptive portions were fresh and pleasing, but the subject was unsuited, and there was lack of artistic finish." After this it was clear to me that without a patron I could do nothing, unless it was purely physical labor—a dollar a day in return for the sweat of my brow. I looked at my large, lazy white hands and shuddered, then filled my pipe and picked up the "Lady of Lyons," to be sure of my part for the last time, for that evening. I was to make my debut on the amateur stage at Melnotte. I wondered then why amateurs always chose that particular drama, and still more why my own club had cast me for that prominent part; still it was flattering, and I made up my mind to be a success if possible, and it might make an opening for me as a professional, if nothing else came up. Now I have dark brown hair, thick and curly, with eyes and moustache a shade darker, but on that night the man whom we had engaged to make us up, insisted that I should shave my moustache and wear a blonde curly wig; assuring me that all the former Melnottes had worn light hair, had dark melting eyes and a smooth face. The allusion to my eyes carried the day, and I was a changed man in a very short space of time.

The performance passed off beautifully. I fairly outdid myself, and was spurred on by the attention of a young lady in the front row of the audience, who, together with an old gentleman at her side, watched me closely. During one of my impassioned speeches I gazed at her intently, and she blushed a pale sweet pink, turning away just as the old gentleman whispered something in her ear, and rubbed his hands gleefully. He then levelled his glasses coolly at me for fully five minutes, after which he spoke again to the young lady, evidently urging her to survey me in the same manner; but she vehemently refused, blushing more deeply.

In a few minutes he replaced the glasses in the case, still continuing to watch me, however, in a way which almost caused me to forget my lines.

At the close of the play a card was given to me bearing the name Hon. J. B. Jackson, with a few words written in pencil below, asking permission to see me directly on important business.

I told the boy to let the gentleman come directly to the green room, where I was wiping the rouge from my cheeks, and before I could change my costume the little old gentleman of the front row appeared. "Mr. Fielding, I believe," he said, "my card gave me the necessary introduction. Your acting was a fine bit of impersonation. Gad, sir, you are a Forrest, jr. Was it Forrest or Fechter who used to excel in the part? Even my daughter noticed you, and now I am coming gradually to my business with you. Nothing like leading up to a point by degrees, is there?" And he laughed a dismal laugh, similar to the croak of a raven. In fact he reminded me strongly of that ill-omened bird, for during his speech I had plenty of time to examine him closely. He was very dark and withered, with round beady eyes, and a long hooked nose, and a habit of flapping his loose black coat sleeves when he talked, as if he were spreading his wings to fly.

"Oh, sir," he continued, "I am a peculiar man. I have hobbies, and I ride them full canter. You, to-night, can make or mar my strongest wish in life. What is your business?"

"I have just been graduated from college," I replied, "and have not as yet decided what to do."

"Elegant, capital," he croaked. "I had a presentiment when I saw you that you were the man. The gout in my left knee never goes back on me, never. Now, young man, you are a stranger to me, but I have an offer to make you. How would you like to go into business with me at a salary of two thousand a year, with the prospect of being taken into the firm when—ahem—when things turn out as I want them? You know me, Jackson, Johnson & Co., brokers; a sure thing."

Yes, I knew them well, and my face must have expressed some of the astonishment with which his proposition filled me, for he said immediately, "Lord bless your soul, man, I am not a philanthropist, that I offer you this out of kindness. There is to be a big boom all around. Now just listen to me and calm yourself. I have a daughter—you saw her to-night—who takes after her father and rides hobbies. Now she has always declared that she will never marry a light-haired young man, in fact she will seldom be introduced to one. I say she shall marry a light-haired young man or none at all. On this point we quarrel continually, and lately there has been much cause for anxiety on my part, for she is actually falling in love with a Cuban, Mr. Del Pintos. Marry him she *shall not*, and you are to be the go-between, catspaw. You will meet her, use every effort to win her interest, if possible her love—I don't care about the latter, however, as she is all in love now—and you are to play the devoted to her, keep all dark-haired men away, and prevent her from falling in love with one. As long as you can do this, you have the position with the salary, and if she will finally consent to marry you, and are worthy of her hand, you come into the firm."

"But, my dear sir," I commenced, "my hair is not light," and I put my hand to my brown curls, and found instead that blonde wig.

"Well, it is not *tow*," said the Hon. Mr. Jackson, reflectively; "still it will do, and now I tell you what I'll give you until to-morrow to think of the offer, then call at the office and we will arrange any final matters. Good morning," and he hopped out waving his gouty knee in the doorway as he turned to bestow a bird-like glance on my yellow curls.

After he had gone I began mechanically to change my costume and finish off the paint and powder, repeating to myself all the while: "Two thousand dollars for a blonde head of hair."

I had gotten into my great coat, and was looking for my derby when I suddenly thought that I had removed my wig. I gazed at myself in the glass. It really was a most natural one, and fitted perfectly. Until then it had never entered my head to accept the offer under false colors. Now it did not seem as if it could injure any one if I were to do it. The man could well afford the money, and it must either be that or a mere six dollars a week for me. The girl would probably dislike me anyway, so it would not be for long. I would confess as soon as I could be sure of some other position. To be brief, I bought the wig of the costumer, and went to my room in a more excited frame of mind than I ever care to be again.

There is a spice of romance about it all, too, I thought, as I entered the house. The girl is pretty and attractive, well worth trying for against such odds, and if she would only fall in love with me, why I could take her into the secret, we would marry, and then her father would forgive us.

I awoke in the middle of an interesting dream, with a most perplexing question, what would my friends say when they saw the sudden change? I pondered over it for some time, and at last decided that I must run the risk. Still in this office I should rarely if ever meet any one whom I knew well, and as I had never seen the young lady in society, I was pretty sure that at her house I should be safe from my friends. I would have to give up my own set to a certain extent, but when I went among my own people it would be very easy to remove the wig for a few hours. My lucky star was in the ascendant when Mr. Jackson offered to become my patron; surely it would not desert me now, and with this comfortable conviction I fell asleep. Early the next morning I was on my way to the Hon. J. B. Jackson's office. With my seal collar turned up and my hat pulled down, I fancied that an intimate friend would scarcely notice my bleached locks.

I found my employer, or "prospective partner" as I already called him, writing busily, but upon seeing me he arose and grasped my hand effusively, saying, "Ah, you have come. I'm so confident of you that I told Helen I should bring company to dinner."

"Mr. Wiggin," beckoning to a tall, sallow gentleman, "this is Mr. Fielding, an old friend of mine," (winking both beady eyes at me behind Mr. Wiggin's back), "whom I have taken into the office. Mr. Fielding, Mr. Wiggin, my head broker. You will show him what his work will be, Mr. Wiggin, and you may come here for me at 6 o'clock, Mr. Fielding," he finished, waving one hand in dismissal. "Your hours are over at four."

At quarter past six I was seated with Mr. Jackson in his coupe, and in a short time the coachman drew up before a handsome house on —th street. I can hardly describe to you my sensations as we entered a dimly-lighted reception room, hung with tawny yellow portieres, and furnished in a picturesque style, partly early English, and partly original. Mr. Jackson excused himself to call his daughter, and I sank into a chair by a large jardiniere filled with yellow roses. I was wondering in a dull sort of way if the Cuban admirer of the daughter had sent her the flowers, when I heard my own name and was being presented to Miss Jackson. The servant had made a little gesture of annoyance, saying, "I was not aware, papa, that your new protege was the hero of the play last evening. Any woman dislikes to be surprised, you know," turning to me with a faint smile.

I murmured something about "acting for her" the evening before, which must have sounded very flat, but I did not think of it then, for I was repeating "new protege" to myself, and it contained the unpleasant suggestion that I was not the first light-haired young man for the position, and that Miss Jackson understood her father's scheme. Just then the latter announced that "dinner was served," and on our way to the dining room I noticed Miss Jackson's smooth, gliding walk, a gait rather unusual with tall women, and she was above the average height, although so well proportioned you would hardly notice it.

Mr. Jackson kindly took the conversation into his own hands at dinner, which was very informal, and I entertained myself by stealthily watching his daughter, whenever she was not as covertly engaged in watching me.

After dinner Mr. Jackson, with a significant glance at me, excused himself on the plea of unanswered letters, and his daughter led the way to a small sitting room. I followed, feeling more oppressed and bound by that one look, than I had by any act of my patron during our whole unbusinesslike transaction. I had sold myself, and the bargain had been made under false pretenses. I looked myself in the light of a dishonest horse dealer, only I was both the dealer and the horse. My pride, my self-esteem were gone; that look had opened the door leading to my sense of honor, which I had resolutely sealed the night Mr. Jackson fell in love with that confounded yellow wig, and I began heartily to despise myself. I had gone almost too far to confess, still there was a loophole through which I could crawl. I would make myself so disagreeable to the daughter that she should immediately cause my dismissal.

My plans had reached this point when we entered the little room, Miss Jackson slightly in advance. As she reached the middle of the polished floor she turned to me and said gaily, with a tinge of mischief in her tone, "Welcome, Mr. Fielding, to my pet room, and as we shall probably *see a great deal* of you now you and papa have so *much in common*, I want you to agree with me in thinking it charming."

It was indeed perfect in its way, all a dark, glowing red, with an open fire which threw out different shades of the same color in ever-changing profusion; but I could think of nothing then but the studied significance of her apparently trivial remark. Anger and shame strove for mastery in me as I said hotly, "I don't understand what you intend to imply."

"Pray don't try then; it really isn't worth your while," she replied sweetly, glancing at me from under her dark lashes roguishly, and then as I returned her look with one which said: "I will not be pacified," she changed abruptly, and taking a guitar from the further corner of the room, struck a few chords, then sang a little Venetian boat song.

I am passionately fond of music, and her whole manner was so captivating, her voice so sympathetic that I was won completely, and before I was aware my plans for the evening had vanished, and I was making myself as entertaining as I possibly could in an animated conversation on music in general, the merits of the Italian and German opera, the guitar and banjo; and whenever there was pause for a moment, I found myself wondering what the relative fascination of Miss Jackson would be if I ever knew her well enough to talk personally, since she was so delightful at this early period of our acquaintance.

I went home at 11 p. m., furious with myself and made firm resolutions to have nothing more to do with either father or daughter in the future. In the morning I wrote a letter to Mr. Jackson, telling him the whole story, and ended by burning it, going to the office and accepting a seat in his box for that evening, where I sat in the background, partly to hide my yellow curls from any friend who might be in the house, and partly to study Miss Jackson's exquisite profile, and whisper trifles in her ear.

A few nights afterward I dined with them again, and was just settling myself to be disagreeable, when Mr. Del Pintos, the Cuban, was announced, and Miss Jackson looked so overjoyed, and her father so unhappy, that my vanity was aroused, and I came to the sudden conclusion that I was decidedly in love, and I would win her, yellow hair and all, or my name wasn't Francis Fielding. I rembered complacently a little conversation which had occurred a few days before.

"I abhor light men," Miss Jackson had said. "In fact, I never saw one who suited me in any particular."

I bowed profoundly.

At first she looked at me in surprise, then said prettily, "Oh, I always think of you as dark, and indeed you are not blonde, if one may except your hair, and that always seemed a mistake."

As I said, I thought of this little conversation, and had courage to stand by this black haired, black-eyed young Cuban and ask her to sing for me while I accompanied her.

She hesitated, looked at Del Pintos, whose eyes begged her to talk with him, then said coldly, "As you will, Mr. Fielding." I led her in triumph to the piano, and she sang to me song after song in her low, rich voice, until Mr. Del Pintos made his adieux.

"Was I the victor after all?" I said myself, as I walked slowly home a few minutes later; for, although Helen (I always thought of her now as Helen) gave up her tete-a-tete with Del Pintos and sang for me; but she sang *at* him, and I was no more to her than the piano, the sheet of music. "I will tell her I love her the next opportunity," I mused. She will of course refuse me, but she cannot help seeing me afterwards, and she will be obliged to look at me in a new light."

I dined with them the following Sunday, and when Mr. Jackson had retired as usual "to look over his business letters," I walked boldly to the front. "Helen," I said in a low tone—she was lying back in a large easy chair before the open fire, shading her eyes languidly with her hand. At her own name she gave the slightest possible start, and then relaxed into her first position, the only change being a slightly heightened color.

"Helen," I continued, "if I had money I would ask you to marry me; as it is, could you ever love me?" I sat a few feet from her, awaiting her answer, but hardly as calm as she.

"Mr. Fielding," she said in a moment, "I never pretended to understand you. Had another asked me your question on so short an acquaintance, I should have considered him impertinent. As it is *you*, I will agree to overlook the remark and its motive, provided it does not occur again."

She spoke calmly, indifferently. The only way in which I could tell that she was affected in the slightest, was by the change in her voice.

"You don't love me then?" I murmured.

"Most emphatically I do not," she answered, returning my gaze fearlessly.

After that evening I was as devoted to her as it is possible for a man to be to a woman when love is a forbidden subject; at least I took it for granted that it was forbidden, and I could see that it surprised her, possibly annoyed her, and that her opinion of me increased accordingly. I always called her by her first name, assumed a brotherly attitude towards her, and one day I asked her jokingly to confide in me in regard to Del Pintos.

"Why will you always talk of him?" she exclaimed passionately. "I hate him at times."

"If I were dark would you still hate me?" I asked softly.

Her eyes filled with tears, which she impatiently brushed away as she laughed faintly.

"What idiotic questions you do ask. Of course you know that I don't hate you in the least; on the contrary I have shown you that I'm rather fond of your society."

She played nervously with a bangle on her wrist at first, and avoided my gaze, but at her closing words she forced herself to look at me calmly. At last I was thoroughly in earnest. I knew that I loved her madly, but one false step now and I should lose her, for she had made up her mind not to love me.

I rubbed my forehead perplexedly. Just then Helen began to laugh. I looked at her in astonishment. She turned scarlet, begged my pardon, and laughed the more, burying her face in her dainty handkerchief. It might be possible that I was the object of her mirth, and I began to grow angry. By this time Helen rose, and murmuring something hysterically about the state of her nerves, fled from the room. I left the house deeply indignant, and for two weeks firmly refused all their invitations to call or dine. At last, however, love overcame, and I found myself on Jackson's front stoop about 9 o'clock one evening. The house was brilliantly lighted, and Helen was entertaining three or four men in the reception room. As I entered she came to meet me, cordially saying, "the wanderer has returned at last," then in a lower tone, "you must give an account of yourself after the others have gone."

I was happier than I had been for two weeks, and when the last man had departed, and Helen led the way to her pet room, saying, "The parlor is so large and uncosy," I was in the seventh heaven.

"Have you been angry with me all this time for laughing that night?" she asked with one of her rare smiles.

"Business has been pressing," I said stupidly, cursing myself for being such a fool. "No," she continued softly, "you have been angry, and we were such good friends."

She was seldom in so tender a mood. Would it be well to tell her the whole story now, I thought.

"Will you listen to me patiently," I asked, "drawing my chair naer to hers, "even if I touch on the forbidden subject?"

She shivered slightly, and made no reply.

"You are probably aware," I continued, "of the exact relations between your father and myself; knowing them, you can hardly respect me, but if you knew all you could not despise me as I loathe myself."

She lifted her hands impulsively, then quickly dropped them in her lap.

"You think, without doubt, I accepted your father's offer more as a joke than anything else," I continued, growing bolder from that last movement of hers. "I accepted it as my one chance of making an honest living," and I laughed scornfully. There was a silence for a few minutes.

"You wrong yourself, I fear," said the girl at last faintly.

"I wronged my better self when I bound myself to your father," I answered hotly, taking her hand, and then I told her the story of my father's attitude towards me, my desperation, and final acceptance of her father's offer, and still not one word of my wig. That would come later.

"It was not until I saw you and loved you," I finished, "that I realized the baseness of my conduct; and can you love me, darling, a little in return, in spite of my shortcomings?"

"What, hair and all?" she said, trying to be serious, and failing utterly.

"Yes, hair and all," I cried triumphantly, snatching off my blond wig and waving it in the air.

To my surprise Helen said quietly, "Oh, yes, I have known that for some time, or I should never have given in, sir."

At my look of amazement and mortification she continued, "you remember the evening I laughed so? Well, in your excitement you rubbed your forehead so vigorously that the wig slipped and I caught a glimpse of a brown curl. I had had my suspicions all along, you are otherwise so dark, and of course that capped the climax. Don't ever try to deceive a woman, Frank, especially one who loves you a little."

Then we had an interesting silent time for a few minutes, until I said suddenly, "how shall we break it to your father? for I can't feel half a man till he knows it."

"Call here to see him directly after dinner to-morrow; he is always pleasanter then, and tell him the whole story. He will be furious, but he enjoys a joke, and when I tell him I fell in love with a white-haired young man before I knew he was a sham, he may give in."

"But did you?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, I can say so to papa for your sake, you know," she answered, prettily.

To make a long story short, I formally asked Mr. Jackson for his daughter's hand, and after he had consented I told him the whole story. He was angry beyond words at first, and silently pointed to the door, but after a week or so, during which Helen had interviewed him daily, and had reported the results to me, (I was forbidden the house), he consented to see me again; and in a month he had so far relented ("having really taken a great fancy to him in his light-headed days," he told his daughter) that he informed me my hair was not a jot black, and I might have an understanding with Helen if we both insisted.

Meanwhile my father sent for me, congratulated me on the trusty position I had obtained through my own merits, and gave me $20,000 safely invested, "to send your son, if you ever have one," he said, "through Harvard."

As for the blonde wig, Helen wears one of the curls in her watch with my picture, and when we are married we shall give it some position of honor worthy the leading part it played in our love affair.—*Boston Traveller.*

HE GOT AHEAD OF THE REPORTER.

A New Story of Phil Sheridan, and How He Circumvented the Artist.

Apropos of the White House wedding and the press, a friend of Gen. Sheridan tells me the following story:

"Everybody will remember when Gen. Sheridan was married to the beautiful Miss Rucker, the youngest daughter of Gen. Rucker, that the wedding was the great social event of the day. The interest in 'Little Phil,' the hero of Winchester, was second only to the interest in Gen. Grant. He was a bachelor, and over twenty years older than Miss Rucker, who was about nineteen, three years younger than the President's wife. The whole country was interested in the wedding, and the newspapers were full of it, but unlike the mystery and secrecy guarding the President's wedding, the engagement of Gen. Sheridan and Miss Rucker was formally announced several weeks before the wedding took place. The general at the time was living in Chicago, where he had his headquarters. He had his bachelor establishment in a plain though comfortable house on Michigan avenue, I think. I'll finish the story in the general's own words, as nearly as I remember them: 'The newspapers you know, had got very full of the wedding, and the reporters were not posted on the real facts about the diamond. It was worked in such a way that had the reporter brought out his pictures the theft could be traced to him. No, the old frame house did not get into the papers, by a long shot. The fellow was spotted, as the name of the paper was given. I presume he got away from it had been one of my servants. If any gentleman making bets must deposit the stakes with the court, who will retain 10 per cent. confiscation. If this court knows herself she is going on in this town!"—*Estelline Bell.*

I had just been graduated from college, and when Mr. Jackson had retired as usual 'to look over his business letters,' I walked boldly to the front. 'Helen,' I said in a low tone—she was lying back in a large easy chair before the open fire, shading her eyes languidly with her hand. At her own name she gave the slightest possible start, and then relaxed into her first position, the only change being a slightly heightened color.

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I rubbed my forehead perplexedly. Just then Helen began to laugh. I looked at her in astonishment. She turned scarlet, begged my pardon, and laughed the more, burying her face in her dainty handkerchief. It might be possible that I was the object of her mirth, and I began to grow angry. By this time Helen rose, and murmuring something hysterically about the state of her nerves, fled from the room. I left the house deeply indignant, and for two weeks firmly refused all their invitations to call or dine. At last, however, love overcame, and I found myself on Jackson's front stoop about 9 o'clock one evening. The house was brilliantly lighted, and Helen was entertaining three or four men in the reception room. As I entered she came to meet me, cordially saying, 'the wanderer has returned at last,' then in a lower tone, 'you must give an account of yourself after the others have gone.'

I was happier than I had been for two weeks, and when the last man had departed, and Helen led the way to her pet room, saying, 'The parlor is so large and uncosy,' I was in the seventh heaven.

'Have you been angry with me all this time for laughing that night?' she asked with one of her rare smiles.

'Business has been pressing,' I said stupidly, cursing myself for being such a fool. 'No,' she continued softly, 'you have been angry, and we were such good friends.'

She was seldom in so tender a mood. Would it be well to tell her the whole story now, I thought.

'Will you listen to me patiently,' I asked, 'drawing my chair naer to hers, 'even if I touch on the forbidden subject?'

She shivered slightly, and made no reply.

'You are probably aware,' I continued, 'of the exact relations between your father and myself; knowing them, you can hardly respect me, but if you knew all you could not despise me as I loathe myself.'

She lifted her hands impulsively, then quickly dropped them in her lap.

'You think, without doubt, I accepted your father's offer more as a joke than anything else,' I continued, growing bolder from that last movement of hers. 'I accepted it as my one chance of making an honest living,' and I laughed scornfully. There was a silence for a few minutes.

'You wrong yourself, I fear,' said the girl at last faintly.

'I wronged my better self when I bound myself to your father,' I answered hotly, taking her hand, and then I told her the story of my father's attitude towards me, my desperation, and final acceptance of her father's offer, and still not one word of my wig. That would come later.

'It was not until I saw you and loved you,' I finished, 'that I realized the baseness of my conduct; and can you love me, darling, a little in return, in spite of my shortcomings?'

'What, hair and all?' she said, trying to be serious, and failing utterly.

'Yes, hair and all,' I cried triumphantly, snatching off my blond wig and waving it in the air.

To my surprise Helen said quietly, 'Oh, yes, I have known that for some time, or I should never have given in, sir.'

At my look of amazement and mortification she continued, 'you remember the evening I laughed so? Well, in your excitement you rubbed your forehead so vigorously that the wig slipped and I caught a glimpse of a brown curl. I had had my suspicions all along, you are otherwise so dark, and of course that capped the climax. Don't ever try to deceive a woman, Frank, especially one who loves you a little.'

Then we had an interesting silent time for a few minutes, until I said suddenly, 'how shall we break it to your father? for I can't feel half a man till he knows it.'

'Call here to see him directly after dinner to-morrow; he is always pleasanter then, and tell him the whole story. He will be furious, but he enjoys a joke, and when I tell him I fell in love with a white-haired young man before I knew he was a sham, he may give in.'

'But did you?' I asked eagerly.

'Well, I can say so to papa for your sake, you know,' she answered, prettily.

To make a long story short, I formally asked Mr. Jackson for his daughter's hand, and after he had consented I told him the whole story. He was angry beyond words at first, and silently pointed to the door, but after a week or so, during which Helen had interviewed him daily, and had reported the results to me, (I was forbidden the house), he consented to see me again; and in a month he had so far relented ('having really taken a great fancy to him in his light-headed days,' he told his daughter) that he informed me my hair was not a jot black, and I might have an understanding with Helen if we both insisted.

Meanwhile my father sent for me, congratulated me on the trusty position I had obtained through my own merits, and gave me $20,000 safely invested, 'to send your son, if you ever have one,' he said, 'through Harvard.'

As for the blonde wig, Helen wears one of the curls in her watch with my picture, and when we are married we shall give it some position of honor worthy the leading part it played in our love affair.—*Boston Traveller.*

Humor.

SHE HADN'T THE CHEEK.

An Impatient Young Lady and an Obstinate Old Baggage Master.

There are perhaps few places where one may more easily study human nature in a variety of phases than at the railway stations, and there is perhaps no branch of human experience in which the ethereal vagaries of the feminine mind are more fully displayed in the ingenuity shown in the invention of mistakes and wrong-headed at the stations. I was recently the involuntary listener to a controversy between an exceedingly irate young woman and a baggage-master, which may serve to illustrate what I mean. The young woman wished to claim a trunk which she said belonged to her, but the check for which had been thoughtlessly left in a hand-bag which a friend had taken down town shopping. The young woman, who was pretty, vivacious, and of remarkably intelligent expression, explained to the baggage-master, and incidentally to a line of waiting people, half of whom were in danger of paying for the pleasure of hearing her artless tale by losing their respective trains, that she had come to town for a wedding, that she had had a gown manufactured especially for the occasion, and that the gown was in the trunk in question.

"Of course," she exclaimed lucidly, "it isn't as if I didn't want the dress to wear to-day, and then I have the check, you know; so it is all right."

"If you have the check it is all right," the baggage-master replied, with some appearance of gallantry, "but, considering that the conversation had continued as long as he had a right to monopolize the pretty young lady's attention; that I can't give up trunks to anybody that asks for them. You haven't anybody to identify you and you haven't any check."

"Oh, but Lucy has the check," she interposed, dimpling and smiling, "and I'll send it to you to-morrow. I said I'd send it down in the morning, and I can't do any better than that, for I shan't see Lucy till after breakfast, and you know I must have my dress before 9 o'clock."

Her interlocutor took a check over her shoulder from a hackman, and the vivacious lady explained all the circumstances to a strange but sympathetic old lady who had elbowed her way up to the window, so that when the unfortunate official came up again there were two women to tell him the facts in the case and explain to him that the gown had really been made to wear this afternoon, and it was after 12 already, and that if Lucy hadn't gone off in such a hurry the owner of the trunk would, of course, have remembered the check, and that the important bit of metal should be sent down in the morning.

"And I know the number," the vivacious young damsel added, upon second thought, as a clinching argument; "for at least I know it began with seven, and there were three numbers."

I feel positive that the baggage-master would have yielded in time. No man could endure such a siege long; especially as the young woman, reinforced by the sympathetic old one, pretty effectually blocked the window and stopped the entire business of the department of inner baggage at a busy time of day. Fortunately for all concerned, however, at this stage of the controversy a flurried and disheveled young lady appeared on the scene and made her way through the crowd as only a young woman or a fire engine can.

"Oh, Florence," she gasped, thrusting forward the missing check, "I got clear up to Winter street before I found it, and I took a herdic and came tearing back, and I knew what an awful fix you'd be in, and if you hadn't got your dress I'd never have forgiven myself."

She stopped from sheer want of breath, and her friend fell upon her with incoherent but satisfactory expressions of rapture; while the sympathetic old lady glared through her spectacles at the offending baggage-master as if she thought that he was taken, as it were, red-handed in a crime against all that was highest in individual rights, and remarked with biting emphasis:

"There, now, I hope you are satisfied, after all the fuss you have made and the time you have kept all these folks waiting."

Personally, I felt that a collection ought to be taken up for the much-abused baggage master, but he had so strong an air of being perfectly used to this sort of thing that I concluded upon the whole that it was hardly necessary to press this point.

Flattering Prospects.

A Dakota farmer recently called at the office of the local paper.

"How are crops looking out in your neighborhood?" asked the editor.

"Poor, very poor."

"What's the matter with the wheat?"

"Oh, fust it was dry weather and then it was too wet and the other day a hail storm hit it. I don't count on more'n a quarter of a crop."

"How are other things?"

"Purty poor. Flax ain't doin' much, the frost took all the corn and the bugs have 'bout et up the pertaters."

"Well, that is bad—I am very sorry to hear it."

The farmer went out and the editor grasped a pencil and wrote:

"We received a pleasant call from farmer Snoozenberry, of Wayback township, Wednesday afternoon, who dropped in to renew his subscription. Mr. S. brought very flattering reports of the crops and was particularly enthusiastic about the wheat, which he says is actually booming. He remarked that he would not be afraid to guarantee every man in his township at least 30 bushels to the acre. We would challenge any other section of the territory to make as good a showing as this. He was very earnest in what he said on the subject, and communicated his enthusiasm to every one. With only about half a crop in the other wheat-growing countries and a European war virtually assured we certainly have great cause for rejoicing."—*Estelline Bell.*

Fun for the Court.

The constable was sent out to bring an important witness on a trial before a Dakota justice of the peace. He soon returned without the man.

"What's the matter?" demanded the justice.

"I found him holding a man's coat during a fight, and so didn't disturb him, your honor."

"Sir!" thundered the justice, "don't you understand your duties better than that?"

"Why, your honor, I thought this was your ruling in such cases."

"No, sir! this court was never guilty of making any such order."

"What was it then?"

"That you were to immediately bring the parties fighting into the court room where they could have it out and could see that they had fair play. Go right back after them. The jury will remain seated and some of the spectators will please move back the chairs and form a ring. Any gentleman making bets must deposit the stakes with the court, who will retain 10 per cent. confiscation. If this court knows herself she is going on in this town!"—*Estelline Bell.*

How a Nuisance Was Abated.

"I was on a train out in Iowa the other day," said a traveling man, "which stopped half an hour at a dinner station. A vain and dudish young fellow with a small hand-bag persisted in walking up and down the platform directly in front of the coaches and gazing impudently into the faces of the lady passengers near the open windows. He was so impertinent that I soon found myself about mad enough to go out and give him a talking to. But before I reached that point a roguish-faced young woman sitting near me settled him in a good deal easier than I could have done it. She stuck her head out of the window just as he was going by, and called out to him:

"Say, sonny, are you selling apples or peanuts?"

"There was a titter the whole length of the car, and no more annoyance from the dudish young man on the platform."—*Chicago Herald.*

He Got Those Notices Mixed.

"You've got to take the baby to church next Sunday, Mamma," said a certain 6-year-old at Sunday's dinner.

"Why, dear?"

"The minister said everybody that has a baby that hain't been baptized for seven years has got to bring it next time so he can baptize it."

And the little fellow couldn't be made to believe that he had got a church christening and a school vaccination notice mixed up together.

MRS. JONES PAPERS.

Recollections of Farm Life—Jeffersonian Simplicity in Jonesville—That Crest and Motto—The New Fashion at Cleveland's Wedding Causes Trouble.

When the news arrived at Jonesville that Grover Cleveland was, without doubt, elected President, there was a general cry that we were going to once more enjoy the good old Democratic times of Jeffersonian simplicity; that the days of Republican extravagance and foolery were at an end; that there would be hardly any taxes to pay, clothing and provisions would cost next to nothing, the horny-handed toiler would get the reward of his labor, and the bond-holding capitalist would have to take a back seat, the crooked ways would be made straight, and the rough places would be made plain.

But, alas! our hopes have vanished like the smoke from the Wabash steamers since the advent of railroads, and our rejoicing has passed away like the dews on an Illinois prairie on a sunshiny Fourth of July. We have to pay our taxes just the same as we always did, there has been more trouble between the toilers and the capitalists than ever was known before, and the simplicity—oh, my!

The first great shock that struck us on the simplicity question was the crest and motto business. We called a meeting about that and talked it over. Some said one thing and some said another. Finally Bill Jenkins addressed us as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, at first sight this question don't seem of much importance, but the more we think about it the more importantter it becomes. Our President and senators, and all the officers of government, have been corrupted by associating with foreigners. You know that the lords and lordesses of other countries have them crests and mottoes, and our folks have picked up the fashions from them, and if there is not something done to stop such carryings on, upshot will be that we will soon have lords and lordesses here, and the next thing will be that instead of a President we will have a king. Then farewell to the liberty that our fathers fit, bled and died for. Then will our glorious American eagle spread her wings, and with a screem of despair, fly away beyond our reach forever."

"I don't think that the bird will go just yet, Bill," said Jeremiah, "anyway, let her rest awhile, and tell us what you think we had better do to prevent such a terrible catastrophe."

"I beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, says Bill. "I was rather carried away by my feelings, and I am glad that friend Jones called me to order, and since he has done me the honor to ask my advice, I shall be pleased to give it.

"Now we all know that however well the aristocracy may like any fashion, they always get tired of it as soon as the common people take it up. So I move that we all go into the crest and motto business ourselves, and then get the big bugs to drop it before something serious comes of it."

We all concluded that Bill's plan was a good one, and unanimously agreed to adopt it. But, behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth. That crest and motto business set the whole neighborhood in an uproar, and made fun of that chosen by the other, and suggested something more appropriate. Mrs. Brown is terribly mad at me because I said there was no sense in her picture of a cross with a crown hung on top of it, and the motto, "No cross, no crown," and that I thought, as her brother was a clergyman, he ought to have the picture of a tub and a soap barrel, and her motto should be, "Wash and be clean." But that is only one

Recent Literature.

"The Wind of Destiny" is the latest novel by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and is issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. Mr. Hardy has become well known to the American reading public, by which his many fine points are recognized, and a new work from his pen is eagerly welcomed. The present one has some of his few faults more decidedly accentuated than in those which have gone before. For instance, in the conversational part, there seems in places to be an effort to reach some half-formed theory which is not clear in the author's own mind and the result is a vague outline which says little to the general reader. As a whole, the story will please. There is the exquisite realism which hinges upon the recital of little things that do much towards making up a picture, and yet would go unnoticed by any one less artistic. The book will find many delighted readers.

"A Vital Question; or, What Is To Be Done," is a novel translated from the Russian, the author bearing the unpronounceable name of Nikolai G. Tchernutzhevsky. The book is published by Thomas G. Crowell & Co., New York. The preface states that it was regarded as revolutionary literature by the government, and almost as soon as brought out in book form was ruthlessly suppressed. The public had, however, become somewhat familiar with it, as it had run through the columns of a journal. The author, a reformer, was at last accounts living under police supervision in Astrakhan. The present work is interesting as a story, and because it bears upon the vital questions of the day.

A name has a good deal of influence often in making or marring the success of a book. A very pleasant one is "Flights Inside and outside of Paradise," by A Penitent Peri, otherwise George Cullison Pearson, a recent publication of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The book is really jottings of journeyings in Japan, and is made up of what the author quaintly terms "Flights." It is a very prettily painted word-picture of many of the customs of that country, which has a humorous cast that adds to its attractions. The contrast which he draws between himself and his friend whom he asks to travel with him is very ludicrous:

"Barbara's Vagaries," by Mary Langdon Gidball, is a pretty little story of a young girl who goes from her free country life, where she has gathered the beauty which health and a contented mind give, to a summer pleasuring place, meeting there those who make up the other characters in the scenes enacted. Her free, merry ways win her many friends and admirers. Among the first is Katherine Macfarland, a lovely girl and fine character. Barbara, and yet through that very difference, the more closely drawn to her. The latter's vagaries are not such as make her disagreeable but winsome. Of course there are lovers, and love-making, almost a tragedy, a lost will, which complicates affairs, and a final clearing-up of matters. Harper Brothers, New York.

"Look Within" claims to be a condensed encyclopedia of information. Some of the leading topics discussed are building, cooking, gardening, medicine, etiquette, housekeeping, science, law, clothing, chemistry, and many other things. These are treated with particular reference to household economy, and contain many valuable hints for housekeeping. Published in paper, in the "Multum in Parvo" series, issued by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

"Readings and Recitations," No. 6, appears from the National Temperance Society and Publication house, New York. It is made up of articles in prose and verse suitable for use in schools or adapted for public or private readings, to forward the cause of temperance. This number, like the others, is edited by Miss L. Penney. The articles are by some of the best writers. Price in paper, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

In the Travelers' Series, issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, which are, as is well known, sketches of people and places, the latest issues are "Up the Rhine," by Thomas Hood, and "The Greeks of To-Day," by Charles R. Tuckerman, both exceedingly interesting and well written matter. The latter is particularly timely as Greek matters are decidedly unsettled at the present time.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, publish "The Secret of Her Life," by Edward Jenkins, known as the author of "Ginx's Baby," etc. It appears in paper cover, price 25 cents, and is a pleasant story to while away a summer hour of leisure.

A little publication which will receive considerable attention is one belonging to the Lovell's Library, recently issued. It is "Somebody's Story", by Hugh Conway, printed first, and then in a *fac simile* of the author's own handwriting. Mr. Conway's fame renders this souvenir of himself a real curiosity. John W. Lovell Company, Vesey street, New York. Price 10 cents.

One of the issues belonging to Cassell's National Library is "Lives of the English Poets," Waller, Milton and Cowley, written by Samuel Johnson. These are all considered to be among the author's best works. Price 10 cents. Cassell & Company, New York.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, issue a little book entitled "Hints on Language in Connection with Sight-Seeing and Writing, in Primary and Intermediate Schools," by S. Arthur Bent, A. M. This is designed to assist teachers in giving their oral lessons in language and as it was a before unsupplied want, will be very welcome. Its author is an experienced educator who knows of what he speaks.

The *Woman's Magazine* for June is fresh and timely. The frontispiece is a pretty engraving entitled "A Shaded Stream." Some of the articles are "Lady Jane Grey," "For the Higher Mission," "The Problem of Life," "A Romance in Letters," "A Thought of Life," "The Exhibit of Woman's Work," "Unto the Least of These," "Necessity of Adjustment between Business and Social Life," "A Day in the Mountains," and others. Published at Brattleboro, Vt. $1 a year.

The "Bill of Fare" for the issue of *Good Housekeeping* for June 12 is as follows: "The Literature of the Household, V," "Ten Dollars Enough, (Continued)," "Mistress Work and Maid Work, VI," "Domestic Sanitary Appliances, VII," "Perfect Bread, II," "Tyranny of the Household," "The Poetry and Prose of Household Life," "Family Expenses," "Back Door Æstheticism," "Helps to Housekeeping," "Our Utility Box," "Let us Return to our Mutton," "What shall the Children Read," "A Few Plain Truths," "A Chat About Oatmeal," "The Cozy Corner," "The Family Scrap Basket," "Rose Leaves for the Jar of Memory," with several poems and the usual excellent editorial work. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass. $2.50 a year, fortnightly.

The *Quiver* for July is at hand with its usual amount of good reading, for both Sunday and week days. The serials are continued and keep up their interest. Some of the other articles are "A Moravian Community," "Sylvia Moreton's Probation," which is a story for girls beginning life; "Sunday on the Yorkshire Moors," "The Stones Buried in the Jordan," and others. Cassell & Company, New York, $1.50 a year.

The June number of the St. Louis *Illustrated Magazine* opens with a description of Nuremberg. The next is a story, "His Child," followed by an instalment of "The Daughter of His Friend," which was begun in the April number. There are several other good stories and poems, and the illustrations are good, the whole making a pleasant issue. Published at St. Louis, Mo., $1.50 a year.

The Magazine of Western History contains in the June number a fine article by Israel Ward Andrews, "McMasters on Our Early Money," "Art and Artists in Ohio," by Francis C. Sessions; "Twenty-five Years a State," by Milton W. Reynolds. A well written article on "The Vice-Presidency," by B. A. Hinsdale. A sketch of the life of H. P. Baldwin, by J. V. Campbell. "A Pioneer's Grave"—Poem, by W. P. Marshall. The rest of the magazine is taken up with sketches and engravings of prominent men of the west. Magazine of Western History, 143 St. Clair St., Cleveland, O.

June sends to us the *Caterer*, worthy the most fastidious epicure. One of the most important articles is "Pure Water and the Importance of Its Purity." In fact, everything in the magazine is interesting and instructive. The Caterer Publishing Co., 1,013 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

The *Andover Review* for June is up to its usual standard of reading matter. It advocates the principles and methods of what is known as progressive orthodoxy, but its discussions are not confined to the field of theology alone. It discusses the social questions of the day, with an educational and a fine editorial department. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston, Mass.

Literary Notes.

Dr. Holmes has in the July *Atlantic* a paper describing his visit in England fifty years ago.

Justin McCarthy will, it is said, start on a lecturing tour in the United States in September.

Mr. Crawford's popular novel, "Dr. Claudius," has reappeared in a summer suit of paper as a member of Macmillan's "Summer Reading Series."

The remarkable popularity of Mr. Longfellow shows no sign of waning. The entire large paper edition (five hundred sets) of his works, to be published the coming autumn, has been ordered far in advance of publication.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, the author of "Mrs. Herndon's Income," has written a new story, which Roberts Bros. will shortly bring out. It is entitled "Miss Melinda's Opportunity."

D. Appleton & Co. have in press a novel by Myra Sawyer Hamlin, entitled "A Politician's Daughter." The author, who as Miss Myra L. Sawyer, is well-known in Maine literary circles, is a daughter of ex-Sen. F. H. Sawyer and grand-daughter by marriage of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin.

Prof. Ruskin, always anxious to do and always doing good, has sent a number of valuable books for the Whiteland's College library—36 volumes in history, botany, and general literature. He has also sent three very large and fine photographs.

Miss Mary B. Sleight, who has won much favor with critics by "Pulpit and Easel," will bring out this summer, through Crowell & Co., New York, a story entitled "The Flag on the Mill."

Edgar Evertsen Saltus, the author of "Balzac" and the Philosophy of "Disenchantment," is a New Yorker, but is now in Europe. Mr. Saltus is only 30 years old. "Balzac" reached a sale of more than 12,000 copies.

Charles Eliot Norton, to whom Carlyle's niece entrusted her uncle's papers, because of her dissatisfaction with Froude's work, follows up his publication of two volumes of Carlyle's correspondence with an article in the *Princeton Review* which consists of his own reminiscences of Carlyle and an arraignment of Froude.

Outing has dispatched a special correspondent to the Arctic Ocean, for the purpose of traveling through the heart of Russia from Archangel to the Crimea. This venturesome individual, James Ricarlton, has constructed a kind of tricycle which can be converted into a bed by night, and can easily carry him in most difficult places. He is to be gone 100 days, and his traveling expenses are to be within $100.

THE PACIFIC RAILWAY STEAL.

A Concise Statement of What These Roads Are Now Striving to Get.

Chicago Current.

If we are so sure to have the Union Pacific railway thrown back on the hands of the United States government, why not have it thrown back now? There would be an opportunity to investigate this long-standing question as to state railways, and it would cost Uncle Sam very little extra money. Mr. Jordan has added the bonds to out public debt; let us give assent to his eccentric act. In 1872 there was more talk than there is in 1886 of government railways, but the fact itself was not so near reality by fourteen years. One thru of the story of how the government gave land enough to build the Union Pacific road and then guaranteed bonds enough to build it besides, and then paid interest on the bonds, leaving land and road both as profit to the promoters of the scheme, but very little while it is necessary to tell the old, old story.

Congress gave the Union Pacific, for instance, 12,000,000 acres of land, worth now over $100,000,000; Congress gave the road bonds that were turned into $23,000,000 cash. With the land-grant, the government bonds and the stocks, and bonds of the company it is said the builders got hold of $93,000,000. They then contracted with themselves to lay the track, and thus made a profit of $43,000,000 without risk, which was the famous Credit Mobilier steal. In order to secure their bonds, they bought of Congress a measure making the Congressional loan a second lien on the road. This purchased bill netted them $27,000,000, making $50,000,000 "borrowed" from Uncle Sam. The road was built for $50,000,000 of actual expense to the Credit Mobilier ring. They issued $36,000,000 of stock, which was all profit, and they had the land beside.

The act which relegated Sen. Thurman to private life was a measure of law to make the railroad put aside one quarter of the net earnings of the Union and Central Pacific roads for the purpose of meeting the bonds that would become due in 1896. The act maddened Huntington and Gould, and Mr. Thurman was shown their power at Columbus in the last non-Senatorial election. The act, however, has failed. The lobby now wants 70 years more in which to pluck the people and cheat the government that befriended and enriched the projectors of the roads. Those projectors issued stock that never was needed. They paid $16,000,000 a year in interest on such securities when the money was clearly divertet from its legitimate use. The roads owe $4,000,000.

To extend the debt 70 years means 70 times sixteen millions of extorted interest, which will probably be niched. To get 64 millions *for* the people we let loose the financiers to collect $1,120,000,000 *from* the people. It is a good debt to foreclose. If they cannot pay, well and good. Sorry for the poor nabobs! Wish they might continue to fatten at public expense, but trouble comes to us all! We have, in the foreclosure of the second mortgage, a chance to buy the road at a fair price—that is, the first mortgage, and to do it would be a stroke against all corporations that seem to menace the peace and profit of the masses.

PROGRESS OF THE STATUE.

What a Visit to Bedloe's Island Reveals—The Inauguration Postponed to October.

The workmen engaged upon the statue of Liberty are making excellent progress, and Gen. Stone, engineer-in chief, who is supervising the work, is satisfied with the condition of the undertaking. The visitor will find a good deal to interest him. The island is situated exactly in the centre of the harbor and the view in every direction is a charming one. The pedestal, which presents so impressive an appearance from a distance, is found upon close inspection to be a most solid and substantial piece of work. The iron framework which rises from the pedestal, and which is strengthened by steel girders extending through the interior of the stone structure to its base, has now reached a height of about 250 feet from the ground. This iron framework will form, when completed, what may be called the skeleton of the figure, and it has now reached a point corresponding to the neck of the statue. Next month the work of putting on the outer covering of copper will begin, and by September the Statue of Liberty will stand upon the lofty pedestal, ready for the inauguration ceremonies. It was at first intended that these should take place on the 3d of September, that day being the anniversary of the signing of the treaty between France and the United States, known as the treaty of Versailles. But it has been thought best to defer the inauguration until October, when the weather will be cooler and the summer travelers will have returned to the city. It is intended to give to the occasion an importance corresponding to the national character of the undertaking. The President of the United States will inaugurate the statue, and the invited guests will include many distinguished men from different parts of the country. It is expected that among the many eminent visitors from France there will be representatives of the different professions.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Presents She Had.

As a matter of good taste the publishing of a long list of wedding presents is questionable, but the list recently published in a country paper is, in one sense, interesting, including as it did: "From father and mother of the bride, one jersey calf; from bride to groom, hair wreath made from hair of her entire family, and also six fine shirts; from brother Silas, one book of poems, one Dream Book, one 'Polite Letter Writer', and a dog; from Aunt Harriet, six hens and a rooster, also one jar tomato catsup; from cousin Sarah, one poem made up by herself, on bride and groom, fifteen verses in all."

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

WENT TO HEAVEN.

Strange Vision Seen by a Man Suffering from Congestion of the Brain.

A well-known real estate man was stricken with congestion of the brain in his room three months ago. For eight long weeks he lay on his bed, apparently unconscious of all his surroundings and wavering on the brink of death. He did not speak at all to his nurses, and the light of reason appeared to have left his eyes. Now he has regained consciousness, and he declares that while his fevered body was being pilled and plastered by the doctors his soul was far away, soaring through space with the souls of those of his friends who long ago died and mingling in the realms of light with white-robed seraphims and angels of glory. And what he saw or thinks he saw has had such an effect on him that he has braced up and foresworn certain foolish habits which were a part of his former life. His experience in the heavenly domain sounds like the expression of the opium-eater's wildest dreams. But the real estate man is not an opium-eater.

"After working hard all day," said the gentleman in telling the story, "I smoked a pipe and went to bed, feeling pretty well. I went to sleep soon after turning in, if I remember right, but I never awoke from that sleep for two months. One of my clerks next morning found me sitting on a chair near the bed, fully not more, he says, than five minutes dead at first, but finding that I still had some life left in me—mighty little, though, I tell you—he laid me down and called a doctor. He treated me for a long time, and finally pulled me out all right. While I was under his care it was that I left this earth and visited the other land.

"I was standing on a huge steamboat first. How I got there I never knew, but there I stood in the bow. An old friend was with me. The boat was beautiful, big and broad, but clean-cut and trim. We were the only persons on it. It was propelled by some unseen force, but it glided gracefully through the calm and silvery water, in which there was trace of neither wave nor ripple. A bright light pervaded the scene, although I could see no sun. The general luminous effect was something similar to that at the battle panorama, but a great deal more dazzling. The banks of the river in which we were sailing were green and fresh. There were towns along the banks, prosperous-looking towns, with railroads and saw and gin mills and other evidences of civilization. But they were unpeopled.

"In fact, we saw no one until we had floated on for days and days when suddenly the air became full of strange spirits. They fairly swarmed about me—old, gray-haired men and beautiful young women—the most beautiful and the most graceful I had ever seen. They were dressed in long robes and had harps in their hands and the loveliest and most cheering smiles on their faces. They appeared to be rejoicing because one more had been added to their number. They were human beings in shape and appearance but slightly shorter than most of us.

"One handsome young man I picked out as my guide, although I did not know him. He accompanied me in my travels. We did not walk—we glided through the air. Past mountains and hills, over the glancing waves of beautiful lakes, so far above the busy cities that the noise of their mills and railroad trains seemed like the hum of a distant bee—we sped, the fresh wind now breathing in our faces and bracing us for our journey and now rushing from behind and hurling us faster, faster still.

"At last we came upon a bright pair of the gates of heaven and found that a crowd of spirits had drawn themselves up in line outside and were waiting for us. As I drew nearer I heard them singing a heavenly hymn, and as their faces came into view I saw that they wore a sorrowing expression, but as they caught sight of the array with bowed head and downcast eyes. At the end I looked up and saw my father and mother. Such a depth of sorrow was in their eyes and on their faces was depicted so much grief and anguish—as if they were calling up my past life and its sins—that I was bound to shriek. I could not articulate. I seized my guide by the arm. It felt like pulp and eluded my grasp. Then there came a crash of thunder louder than I have ever heard or ever hope to hear again; my head throbbed like one mighty pulse, and I opened my eyes and saw lying on my bed with my nurse beside me."

"Wasn't the clock striking 7 and the morning sun beaming through the window, like it always does in the story?" suggested the real estate man's visitor.

"Now, don't be funny," said the real estate man. "I am dead in earnest and I mean what I say. I have received my warning, and I hope the next cigar I smoke will be a 'twofer' and knock me cold. No, I won't drink, either, and I wouldn't play faro bank for a farm. Let me tell you, if I might suggest that you try to bring on a mild dose of congestion yourself. It's a great thing for making a moral man."—*Chicago News.*

Only Once!

A great king, desiring to teach his son a practical lesson, ordered a long table to be prepared in one of the galleries of his palace, set out with all manner of toys, fruits and other things which he thought would please the little boy. Taking him to a door at one end of the room, he said to him, "My son, pass down this hall, and whatever you are pleased with, you may take for your own, on one condition—you are not to turn back. When you have gone the whole length of the table, and have made your decision, go out at the other door and bring me what you have chosen."

Joyfully the little boy started, enchanted with the prospect; he ate and drank, and gathered his arms full of treasures, and presently tired of what he had, he threw them away to make room for some glittering toy which attracted him further on, but which, when secured, somehow did not please or satisfy him as much as he expected, and he was constantly looking back regretfully to that which he had left behind, or he saw something still further on which he thought more desirable. Now, instead of being happy in having his choice of all those good things, the little boy grew irritable and dissatisfied. At length he appeared before the king with a sorrowful countenance, and in his hands were a few broken toys.

"Is this all, my son, that you have brought me out of infinite variety from which you had to choose?"

"Yes, father," sobbed the weeping boy, "that which pleased me at first seemed so poor and inferior, when I had it, to that which I saw further on, that I could not be content, and always hoping to please me better, I could not make my choice, and now these are all I have. Oh if I might go back once more!"

"Not so, my son," said the king, "that cannot be; but let this lesson sink deep in your heart. As you go through life, enjoy each day all there is in it of pleasure and happiness. Do not look back with vain regrets, nor live in anticipation of future joys, oblivious to those which are within your reach. Let each day bring with it measure of comfort and cheer. The present is all you are ever sure of by wisely improving it, your memories of the past will be pleasant, and your future happiness will be assured."

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. Enclose 10 cents for sample copy, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Cotton Is No Longer King.

The Confederate Senator Yancey, when he returned from England, made a report to the Confederate Senate of his failure to secure recognition of the Southern Confederacy in England. It was in that speech that he used the since oft-quoted sentence, "Cotton is no longer king." He said then that the Confederacy could give no guarantee if it were recognized of its ability to maintain a stable form of government. The states' rights theory carried to an extreme would soon result in anarchy. This speech was made in executive session of the Confederate Senate, and led to the ultimate death of Senator Yancey. During the debate which followed his remarks he became involved in a heated dispute with Ben Hill. During the discussion an inkstand was given by Yancey, or at least Hill regarded it as an insult, and he resented it. He picked up a large glass inkstand and threw it at Yancey. It struck him upon the forehead below the center of the back. He fell over in his seat and fainted. From that blow, it is alleged, he never recovered. His illness was a spinal trouble resulting from the blow given him by the inkstand thrown by Mr. Hill.

Catarrh in Children.

"The children have used the Compound Oxygen and are very much better; the cough has left them entirely. The little girl is better from the catarrh, but had enough yet, at one time it was terrible to be near her, there was such an offensive odor; but she is so much better that she will be able to attend school to-morrow morning. She has been troubled for about three years with nasal catarrh."

This extract from a letter from Joliet, Ill., is an example of many from mothers who find this remedy the most effective aid in restoring and preserving the health of their children. To learn more about this write for a treatise of nearly two hundred pages, sent free to all applicants by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOW SHE DOES IT.

The Artistic Grace With Which a Woman Puts on a Bonnet.

"Did you ever notice how a woman puts on a bonnet?" asked an irreverent friend of mine not long ago.

"No? Then you have missed the enjoyment of a most interesting performance."

"How about men and their headpieces?" said I, dreading what might follow if I encouraged the least insubordination in regard to spring bonnets—those much-abused monuments of women's rights and men's wrongs. Besides, it is a part of my religion to defend spring bonnets, anyhow.

"When a man dons his headpiece he merely claps the cover over his brows, with as little consideration as one would drop an extinguisher over a candle. He simply puts his hat on, and that is all there is in the operation. Light or dark is all the same to him."

"I don't believe it," was my ungracious comment. "Men are just as vain and conceited as women are, and they try just as hard to look well, too."

"Of course they are. Different men have different ways of putting on a hat. One man seizes his castor by the front of the brim and slaps it on his head with a quick turn of the wrist, in much the manner used in turning a flapjack; another takes hold of his hat one hand to the fore and the other aft, and pulls it down with all his might, as though his plug hat were what it looks like, a clam's head, and he were removing the dingy nightcap from it preparatory to eating the clam. A third lays hold of his hat by the gunwales, starboard and port, and carefully adjusts it in an exact line with the horizon at some favorable angle, as the case may be. In either instance the operation is done mechanically and requires no looking-glass or other adventitious aid. There is no art in it. The act is a mere matter of dull routine."

It did no good to stare at the wall and pretend that I was not interested. He was bent on saying something, and he continued.

"With a woman how different. When she puts on her bonnet a poem is created, a picture is called into being, music is brought back to earth and the atmosphere is saturated with sweet sounds."

He had a quizzical look on his face and there was a suspicious smile about his mouth. I wonder if he knew I had on a new bonnet?

"She brings forth a band-box (her plump arms can scarcely clasp its aldermanic waist), sets it upon a chair or table, removes the lid, and with a sweet smile reaches down into the cavernous interior of that box and draws forth very tenderly a little, insignificant, heterogenous affair that courtesy calls a bonnet. To the male eye it has neither beauty or comeliness."

I knew he was going to say it. Aren't men hateful?

"But wait a bit," he continued recklessly. "Now she advances toward the mirror, holding the delicate trifle before her, after the manner in which a careful housewife carries a pan full to the brim of hot fat. Arrived at the looking-glass she releases one ear of the bonnet, and with the disengaged hand deftly brushes her front hair. Then her hand resumes hold of the bonnet, and the fellow-hand in its turn pays attention to the clustering locks on its side of the house. Now, both hands have the bonnet in their gentle grasp. The fair creature looks into the glass, and remarks, apologetically, that her hair isn't fixed. She feels that it is her favorite manner. She has no excuses to make for its shortcomings. It is natural, and she is herself alone, and always her hair, that is responsible for anything short of perfection when the nuptial knot shall be tied under her chin and the bonnet and herself shall be one glory."

"And still she hasn't it on her head yet?" said I, getting mollified.

"Ah, no; she raises the airy nothing aloft; her chin protrudes; her hand oscillates; she cranes her neck and hunches her shoulders while she adjusts the bonnet astride her pug and settles it down carefully upon its hair sub-couch. It is now exactly as it should be, so is her work and she bounds, Square, level and plumb could not be more precise in results. Up goes her rounded chin; the strings are tied without the slightest wrinkling of the ribbon; the ends are brushed out with a delicate sleight-of hand; the bows are picked out that and squad-ware not too far one-side and a long, slender pin is thrust remorselessly through the bow, its point, naked and unguarded, protruding from the thither side, a warning to all whom it may concern that no trespassers are allowed upon the premises."

A Boston Woman's Way.

Boston women are remarkable creatures. The *Transcript* gives the following sketch of a Boston housekeeper, drawn from real life. Her husband is a man of wealth, inherited and acquired, and is highly esteemed for his liberality and honorable business habits, and she herself is a lady of refinement and superior intellectual attainments. They have eight children, keep a butler, coachman and seven female servants. The butler receives his orders at a set time every morning for the provisions required during the day; each of the female servants has her specific duties assigned her, and is never called upon to perform others. The lady does not ask the cooks or others what they may require, but serves them under her own inspection with just as much as necessary, down to a pound of salt or ounce of pepper. The coal, firewood, and even kindling paper, are kept the run of—nothing possible is left to the discretion of servants. She keeps the keys of everything. The domestics have their own cook and take their meals together, at such times as will not interfere with the family arrangements. She pays the highest wages to her servants, is liberal in giving them time to attend church, or visit their friends, but demands prompt obedience. They have set times to rise in the morning and to go to bed at night. In the management of her family she is equally systematic, so that system throughout is habitual. She is by no means a slave; far from it. She has ample time to enjoy life, mingles more or less with the best society, and always appears to advantage. Though no longer young, she is still beautiful, and enjoys excellent health.

A New Story of Gen. Grant.

Col. John H. Mooney, secretary of the late John Kelly, tells a good story of his chief which has not heretofore found its way into print. In 1876 Kelly, as is well known, was opposed to the nomination of Tilden, and expressed the belief upon the floor of the convention at St. Louis that he could not be elected. It happened that Gen. Grant, then President, paid a flying visit to that city upon private business. After the adjournment of the convention Mr. Kelly met the Chief Magistrate on the train on his way to New York, and they entered into conversation. "Mr. Kelly," suddenly exclaimed the general, "although differing in politics, we have been of the same mind upon one event of national importance." The Tammany sachem bowed his acknowledgments, and the general went on: "We both came to St. Louis with the idea that Mr. Tilden was not the proper man to receive a Presidential nomination. I came away with the same mind, but you having promised support him, have evidently changed yours." "Very true, Mr. President," replied Kelly, "but a wise man, you know, is ever open to conviction; an unwise man never." This hit at the general's well known obstinacy was enjoyed by none better than the old warrior himself.

Thought She Saw an Angel.

Some years ago, says the Boston *Herald*, a well-known Presbyterian divine was spending his summer vacation with his family in the Adirondacks. One Sunday he accepted an invitation to preach in one of the simple meeting houses of that region. In the congregation was a man who apparently was very deaf, for he came to the service armed and equipped with an immense brass ear-trumpet, and as soon as the sermon began went forward and took his seat well up on the pulpit stairs. The clergyman's little daughter was among the auditors. She had never seen an ear-trumpet, and the spectacle of the form on the pulpit stairs steadily holding that instrument to his head filled her with awe and wonder. On her way home from the church the first thing she said to her father when they were alone was: "Papa, was that an archangel by you?"

They Become Precocious in England.

I make a rule not to chronicle children's sayings, but I have just received one from England that is so good that for once I will break my rule. The 4-year-old daughter of one of our American countesses was passing a church in London the other day as a wedding party came out. She announced to her nurse that she intended some day to be married. The nurse rebuked her for mentioning such an improper subject as matrimony, and told her that it was quite on the cards that she might never marry. "Oh! but I must marry," replied the child. "I must have a father for my children."

The Voice of the People.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine. Indeed, these very claims are based entirely on what the people say Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them. Read the abundant evidence of its curative powers, and give it a fair, honest trial.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

One effect which the present simple modes of wearing the hair has produced is the destruction of the industry which in the hands of women was quite a remunerative one. When the coiffure was made up so elaborately, many society ladies did not attempt to arrange their hair when a fine toilette was required, but always employed a hair-dresser. Now, however, the only skill required is in choosing that style most becoming, and which appears the most natural. Shampooing has, however, come in vogue, and in most all cities there are women now who earn a good income at this work. It is the fashion to keep the hair dry and fluffy, which necessitates the removal of the natural oil as often as once in two weeks. Regular engagements are therefore made with the persons who have skill in this direction, which affords them a very respectable business. Of course the most successful are those who know how to handle the heads of the fairer ones with the most gentle and yet thorough manipulation, for then the operation becomes a real luxury.

It is curious to notice one phase in social affairs, which is very different from the old way in which those things were managed. Years ago young men were proud to escort their young ladies of their acquaintance to places of entertainment, and it would be the exception for one to appear alone. Now the exception is the other way. The majority of the fair ones must depend upon their fathers, brothers or family friends for company, or they must stay at home, while the gentlemen are seen in groups of two and threes, utterly oblivious of the fact that they have been entertained at the homes of these young ladies, and that some return of the hospitality is eminently proper. Since the masculine dereliction in this direction has grown so pronounced, it has become quite the thing for ladies to go alone to public places in the evening, and no one thinks of criticising them for their independence.

In New York the girls have discovered a new way of satisfying the proprieties, without placing themselves under obligations to an escort. This is the payment of a "dumfeeder," who is a scrupulously clean, eminently respectable elderly man, who is always well dressed and knows how to hold his tongue. For a sum ranging from $3 to $10 he accompanies a party of young ladies to a restaurant, gives the order for the refreshments, takes his part of them, but never pays the least attention to what the girls are saying. If he hears he does not appear to do so, and as he pays for once he be death to his business should he ever report what is said, he is very likely to be silent as the tomb about any secrets he may chance to learn. He lives a luxurious life; sleeps all day and eats all night. It is said that the first "dumfeeder" was a slightly decayed widower who had failed in business, and was recommended for this work by the ladies of an Art association, but the fashion has become so popular that it promises to establish a regular profession of "dumfeeders."

Crystallized fresh fruit was considered at one time a real dainty, but it has become so common as to have lost caste in the fashionable world. Now crystallized flowers are appealing to the delicate appetites of the belles of society. Crystallized violets at $6 a pound are found at the confectioners, and candied rose leaves are also popular. Some of the flowers prepared in this way are as high as $10 a pound. They are a French production, which will, no doubt, be imitated in this country. The wonder is, what next?

Tissue paper parties were quite popular in the early spring, and will, doubtless, be in favor when in-door entertainments begin again. At these quiet little assemblages not only striking effects in flowers are produced, but dresses are constructured. The paper used at these affairs is imported, and comes in a most marvelous variety and bounty of color. Some of the garments made out of this flimsy material are exceedingly beautiful. As can be easily imagined, the variety of colors, shades and tints is almost unlimited, and every kind of combination and effect is possible. In the matter of trimming there is scope for all sorts of imitations—flowers, fringes, ruffs and a hundred and one furbelows which women only understand the name or the object of.

"The beauty of the female figure," says Leigh Hunt, "consists in being gently serpentine." Stiffness is utterly ungraceful. The movements of the unconscious child are the perfection of grace; they are easy, unstudied, natural. The throat should be round and pillar-like. The waist should be twice the size of this "tower of ivory," not, as fashion has too often made it, about the same size. The shoulders should be sloping and not too broad, the former being always too narrow, but occupy that soft and rounded mien that is offered in the Venus of Milo. The figure should be, above all, easy. Too small a waist is an actual deformity, and young ladies who are foolish enough to imagine that a waist of eighteen inches is fine should bear in mind that the famous statue of the Venus de Medici, the acknowledged highest type of female beauty, measures 27 inches. The hips should be high in a woman and wide; the feet small, but in the proportion to the height of the figure; a high instep is beautiful, and a hollowing of the sole is considered by the Arabs a mark of high birth. The arm is seldom sufficiently developed in a woman of fashion to reach the standard of classical beauty; she does not use her limbs, particularly her arms, sufficiently to give them the muscular growth of which they are capable. The arm should have a round and flowing outline, with no sharpness at the elbow; it should taper gently down to a small wrist.

Many men would heroically protect their families from any threatened danger, yet have no courage to drive out from their own hearts the selfishness, discontent and ill-temper which afflict them far more sorely. Some have courage enough to face all the hardships and labor of unceasing devotion to business, but not a particle remains for other to health and domestic relation. Some are brave in maintaining their opinions, but cowards in acknowledging an error. The same duties that are fulfillen easily, almost unconsciously, by one person, require all the courage and resolution of another to perform. It is then in the quiet unnoticed realm of duty, in the apparently calm exercise of self-denial, in the still small voice of conscience, that courage is most severely tested.

To Discourage Flies.

A fly cannot sustain active life without drink more than a man. If you do not give him his drink he must go to bed and find it where it is. If for 24 hours you can keep every drop of liquor from the room, the flies in it will leave it. But the prohibition is absolute. A drop of dew on a rose leaf, still more the congealed breath on a window pane, gives quite as much fluid as the thirsty little fly will ask for. But a good housekeeper will remember that as never to leave on a pitcher of water uncovered in a room which she wishes to place a guest. And she will carefully cover any other cup, mug, glass or other vessel which contains liquids.

It Didn't Work.

When the employees in an Indiana furniture factory operated by a German struck for eight hours' work a day he granted it, but when they wanted ten hours' work for eight hours' work he called them up and said:

"My frens, maype I do ash you like I haf an order from Shegago for ten dozen chairs. I vhill sheep him eight dozen und bill him for ten. If he doan' kick on me it shows me dot der rule works both vhays und we vhas all right."

It is needless to add that the idea didn't work, and that his men are receiving eight hours' pay.—*Wall Street News.*

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book, mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Women Who Must Wear Long Dresses.

Speaking of Chinamen, the historian fell in with one of the race on the front platform of a car the other day. A stop occurred directly in front of a dry goods store, where there wasn't much to gaze at except the dainty costumes displayed in the window. So the historian and the Chinaman gazed at the dainty costumes, and there was a very superior sort of smile clearly perceptible on the Chinaman's face.

"Not many dresses like that for the ladies in China, John," said the Caucasian.

The Chinaman's superior smile extended noticeably in either direction.

"Chinese ladies no likee such dresses," said he. "Too much cloth; likee show small feet. Mellican lady heap big feet"—and he measured off a space of about two feet in the air with his hands; "gottee wear big dress—no likee show feet!"

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

The Camp Fire.

OUR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

BY IRVING KING.

When Farragut at Mobile Bay dashed through the shot and shell,
Upon the Metacomet's deck who fought so long and well,
Who gleaned a fiery God of war where hostile bullets flew,
And dying sailors blessed his name—
Our Admiral of the Blue!

When fever reeked in Panama, and death was on the gale,
We saw his starry pennant fly above the snowy sail—
Be to his loyal seaman as a beacon in the night;
And when on earthly waters the Admiral sails no more
Then lay upon his noble breast the flag we loved of yore.
Oh, tears from many a weeping eye that pennant shall bedew,
When forth he sets on unknown seas—
Our Admiral of the Blue.

—*New York Tribune.*

With Knapsacks Off.

T. J. Still, of Fulton county, Ill., quotes the official record to prove that there was no surprise at Shiloh.

The late Gen. Durbin Ward was shot through the body at Chickamauga, near the close of the second days' battle, and his left arm was thereby disabled for life. He was mustered out, but afterward returned to the service, commanding with his arm in a sling through the entire Atlanta campaign.

"Generous to all; partial towards none," is the motto which T. A. Creagon, of Decatur, Neb., suggests as the guide to the government in its distribution of pensions. Mr. Creagon thinks that great injustice is done poor crippled soldiers, who are often unable to get even a small pittance, while the wives of dead generals are granted $5,000 a year.

Mr. J. J. Waffle, of Wauseon, O., replies at length to the strictures of Mr. J. H. Williams, of the Potomac, in his comparison with the Western armies. He asks why Mr. Williams does not give his regiment and company. He suggests that had the two armies changed places, the result would have been the same; that the forces in the West were more free to act and were not hampered by politicians at Washington. Mr. Waffle subscribes himself as a member of Co. E, 6th O. V. I., 1st Brigade, 2d Div., Army of the Potomac.

William Wells, of Murraysville, Ill., says that in the summer of '64 his captain, Joseph Hackman, was sent with an Ohio regiment in the direction of Courtland, Ala., from Decatur, to locate the rebels. The colonel of the regiment found them and celebrated the event by getting drunk. The rebs turned on the Union soldiers, who were compelled to run or suffer capture. Owing to the colonel's

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

The Lick Observatory.

Sub., Piqua, O.:

Please give a description of the Lick observatory, now being built in California.

We take the following from a late number of the San Jose *Mercury*:

"The most important of the auxiliary attractions of San Jose is the Lick observatory, on the top of Mount Hamilton. A few years ago James Lick, a wealthy resident of San Jose, gave his entire property, consisting of nearly $3,000,000, to philanthropic institutions and works of public improvement in the state. The most important of these bequests was that of $700,000 for the establishment of an astronomical observatory on Mount Hamilton, in this county, which was to be equipped with the most powerful telescope in the world. Mount Hamilton is located in the range of the mountains east of the valley, and is 26 miles distant from San Jose. It stands 4,440 feet above the level of the sea, in an atmosphere cloudless during the entire year. From its summit there is an unbroken horizon, while its latitude is favorable for the most important observations. The county of Santa Clara has contributed at an expense of about $100,000 a magnificent road to the top of the mountain. This road is of easy grade, finely constructed, and furnishes a beautiful drive. The scenery along the route is unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. The work on the observatory and adjacent buildings has been completed with the exception of the large dome, which, when finished, will cover the great object for the great 36-inch telescope. The building and instruments now completed and in position are the observer's house, the transit house, the north dome and the 15-inch equatorial refractor, the meridian circle house and the six and one-half-inch meridian circle, chronometer and astronomical clock apartments, sidereal clocks, etc., and a number of portable telescopes. The dome which is to cover the great telescope will probably be constructed of steel and will be about 130 feet in diameter. It will weight about 93 tons. The telescope will have two glass discs, one of flint and one of crown glass. The flint disk was made some years ago by Alvin Clark & Son, of Cambridgeport, Mass., and the order for the other given by them to M. F. Feil & Co., of Paris, who after repeated experiments, have at last succeeded in producing two rough discs, either one of which will answer the purpose. Both were packed and sent to Clark & Sons, who have nearly completed the work of polishing them. In a few weeks, by an arrangement with the railroad office, the Mount Hamilton observation clock will furnish the correct standard time for every railroad office throughout the state, and as far east on the Central route as Ogden, and upon the southern route as far as El Paso. A project is also on foot by which, strange as it may appear, the ticking of Mount Hamilton observatory clock may be heard at every telephone having connection with the telephone lines of this city. By means of a system of signals the correct hour may be obtained. The system is simple. The electric current, with Holden inaugurated in Madison, his late home, and a similar system is now successfully carried out in Cincinnati. While Prof. Holden was in charge at Madison he established a observatory established a system by which a time ball, located on the top of the Western Union Telegraph company's building in New York, fell automatically each day in consequence of electric connection with the observatory at Washington. This time was then conveyed by the telegraph wires all over the Eastern states."

The Ohio and Michigan War.

M. D. K., Ligonier, Ind.:

1. How was the trouble settled between Ohio and Michigan concerning the disputed strip of land, and who was governor of Ohio and governor of Michigan at the time? 2. What color was Richard M. Johnson's wife?

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Walled Lakes—Stonehenge—Burmah.

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Temperance Movements and the Prohibition Party.

Sub., Daleyville, O.:

When was the Prohibition party first organized as a party in the United States?

The first temperance movement in the United States was the work of Litchfield, Conn., in 1789, where 200 farmers agreed together "not to use any distilled liquor in doing their farm work the ensuing season." The first temperance society was organized in Moreau, Saratoga county, N. Y., in 1808, by Dr. B. J. Clarke and Rev. Lebeus Armstrong. Forty-seven male members signed the pledge, under the name of "the Moreau and Northumberland Temperance Society." A fine of 25 cents was imposed for every violation of the pledge. The pledge prohibited rum, gin, whisky, wine, or any distilled liquors whatever. It did not, therefore, go as far as a total abstinence pledge of the present day. The American Temperance Reformation was organized at Boston, in 1826, on the principles of Micajah Pendleton's Pledge. It permitted the use of cider, wines, and malt liquors in moderation, but required total abstinence from distilled liquors. In six years over 4,000 societies were organized, and distillation ceased to a great extent, for merchants gave up the trade. Twenty thousand families became connected with the society. This was the beginning of the modern movement in favor of temperance. A national temperance convention was held at Philadelphia in May, 1833. Four hundred delegates were present, from twenty-one states. After discussion, a resolution was passed declaring the trade in ardent spirits to be morally wrong, and that it ought to be universally abandoned. The American Congressional Temperance society was formed at Washington, about the same time, with Lewis Cass, then secretary of war, as president. Ardent spirits were about this time prohibited in the army. The National Temperance society was organized in 1866, its special object being to circulate sound temperance literature. The Murphy temperance movement started in 1877. In March, 1879, a petition signed by 110,000 persons was presented to the legislature of Illinois, asking that women might be allowed to vote on all questions which involve the granting of licenses for the sale of liquors. In 1833 the Massachusetts society adopted a new constitution, with a pledge of total abstinence. This feeling continued to grow, and the agitation of the question of prohibition resulted in a strong public sentiment in favor of prohibition. In March, 1847, the Supreme court of the United States unanimously decided that prohibitory laws "were not inconsistent with the constitution of the United States, nor with any acts of Congress," and that it was within the police powers of the states to restrain or prohibit the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Maine was the first state to prohibit by law the sale of strong drinks. A prohibitory law was enacted in that state in 1846. In 1851, with Holden inaugurated in Madison, his late home, and a similar system is now successfully carried out in Cincinnati. While Prof. Holden was in charge at Madison he established a observatory established a system by which a time ball, located on the top of the Western Union Telegraph company's building in New York, fell automatically each day in consequence of electric connection with the observatory at Washington. This time was then conveyed by the telegraph wires all over the Eastern states."

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Pain in the Side

Is a symptom of disease. It may be caused by Rheumatism, or by Neuralgia, but it usually indicates a disordered condition of the Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys. Ayer's Sarsaparilla corrects the action of the vital organs, and removes every trace of disease from the system.

Last fall and winter I suffered from a dull, heavy, pain in my side. I did not notice it much, at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the Stomach and Liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured.—Mrs. Augusta A. Forbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

"GARDEN SAUCE."

Where Common Fruits, Herbs and Vegetables Originated.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

Horse-radish is a native of England.

Melons were found originally in Asia.

Filberts originally came from Greece.

Quinces originally came from Corinth.

The peach originally came from Persia.

Sage is a native of the south of Europe.

Sweet majoram is a native of Portugal.

The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.

The turnip came originally from Rome.

Damsons originally came from Damascus.

The nasturtium came originally from Peru.

The pea is a native of the south of Europe.

Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies.

Coriander seed came originally from the East.

The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.

The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain.

Apricots are indigenous to the plains of Armenia.

Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans.

Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa.

The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China.

The clove is a native of the Malacca Islands, as is also the nutmeg.

Vinegar is derived from two French words, *vin aigre*, "sour wine."

Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century.

Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.

Asparagus was originally a wild sea coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain.

Nectarine received the name from nectar, the principal drink of the gods.

The tomato is a native of South America, and it takes its name from a Portuguese word.

Greengage is called after the Gage family, who first took it into England from a monastery in Paris.

Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules.

Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab-apple is indigenous to Great Britain.

It is a curious fact that while the names of all our animals are of Saxon origin, Norman names are given to the flesh they yield.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the christian era. It first came from India

The cantaloupe is a native of America, and so called from the name of a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated.

Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

Cloves come to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin *clavus*, meaning a nail, to which they have a resemblance.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

THE PRINCES' EXPULSION.

Condition of the Republican Party in France—The Feeling Towards the Princes—The Strength of the Royalists.

Theodore Stanton, the Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, who was in the city last Saturday, left Europe one month ago. The last ten years of his life has been spent in and about Paris and during this period he has been thrown in close contact with the different branches of the government. When a BLADE reporter met him, therefore, the first question which naturally came to the latter's mind was: "What effect will the expulsion of the Princes have upon the future life of the Republic?" to which Mr. Stanton replied as follows:

"I cannot think that it will have a good effect. The action was hasty, and, in my opinion, ill-judged. Four weeks ago when I left Paris, such a thing as expelling the Princes was not thought of, and when I read the cable dispatches, announcing that such a step had been taken, I was surprised. It will, in my opinion, weaken the government and drive from the Republican party many of its liberal adherents."

"Do you think that the characteristics and temperament of the French people admits of a Republic?"

"No, I do not. I asked that same question of Zola once, and he, too, expressed the opinion that they would be best united under a monarchical form of government. For there is no law-abiding spirit in the people, as to-day badly divided into cliques and factions. There are those who have the ministry, and then there are those who are either opposed to it or stand by it in a half-indifferent manner. The liberals will vote with the party so long as it does not attempt to enforce extreme measures, of which I believe the expulsion of the princes to be one. Mind, I am not a believer in or a follower of the princes, but they were, at best, harmless, and were weakest when let alone. But now that the radical Republicans have driven them out, I am not so sure but that their following will increase."

"But if the Republicans are so divided, how did they secure enough votes to expel the princes?"

"The question is a natural one, but is simply answered, if one understands the situation. The princes were voted out of course to sustain the ministry. One of the cliques voted the same way, although opposed to de Freycinet, because it wished to further some political measure. And so on. It was not so much of a surprise that the Deputies should vote for the expulsion as that the Senate should concur. This action was taken for the following reason: At the last election there was, and, in fact, there had been for some time previous, talk of abolishing the Senate altogether, or at least, selecting it the same as the Deputies are selected. The Republicans thought that the body was too aristocratic, too Royalistic in its formation. They proposed either to bring it down to the level of the people, or to abolish it altogether. Had the Senators voted against the expulsion of the Princess, they would have returned to their own heads. The Republicans would have proved their charges by referring to the vote, and the Senate would have suffered. But the people of France did not want the princes expelled, and I am satisfied that if the question had been given directly to the people, the measure would have been defeated by a large majority."

"What will be the outcome?"

"If France should become involved in a foreign war, the princes would rise to the surface. They have a strong hold upon the French people, and are not to be put out of sight so easily. Should the Comte de Paris mount a white horse and ride through the streets of the French capital, he would gather around him a large following. I have no idea what course he will take."

How He Conquered the Girl.

A young man in Pettis county, Mo., drove home with his girl from a picnic the other day. On the way he wooed warmly, but the maiden was coy and declined to commit herself. When the young folks reached the girl's paternal gate they were sent into the fair one's uncle father, on dire intent full bent, aided and abetted by a full grown son and the most ferocious dog in the county. The young man jumped out cheerfully on invitation to get down and take his medicine. In three minutes he had cleaned out the whole caboodle, without scaring his horse or violating the Queensbury rules. As he reached his hand to assist the girl to dismount she sat still and squoze it. "Bill," she said softly, "I'm your'n." "Right now?" he asked. "Right now," she responded. The head of the horse was turned to the county seat and in two hours the knot was tied good and fast.

IMPROVING BUSINESS.

NEWS GLEANED IN LABOR FIELDS

Expressly for the Blade—A Weekly Review of the Industrial Situation in All Sections of the Country.

Already there are improving industrial and commercial indications of no small magnitude. The labor agitations of the past three months have in a certain sense been productive of good, viz: In preventing an overcrowding of manufacturing capacity, and in inducing manufacturers and business men generally to watch very carefully the market requirements. This conservative course has resulted in a greater or less scarcity of material. This is the foundation of the improving fall trade. The iron workers throughout the West wisely concluded to not strike for higher wages, but in Eastern Pennsylvania a demand has been made for a 7 per cent. advance. Then wages in the East are very much below those in the West.

During the past week orders have been placed for 25,000 tons of steel rails at $34.50 to $35; 10,000 tons of old material were sold for interior shipment; 30,000 tons of Spanish pig iron are being received at Philadelphia. The tube manufacturers met in New York and agreed upon a general advance, because of the very active demand for their products. Contracts have just been received for large numbers of cars—coal, freight, gondola and passenger. Several schemes are under contemplation for the extension of silk-making capacity in Pennsylvania. Contracts have just been awarded for the erection of a new silk mill in Reading. Five or six schemes of this kind are under consideration in Central Pennsylvania, where labor and fuel are cheap.

The general industrial condition is improving. We will in all probability have an active midsummer. Most manufacturers feel that prices are at their lowest. In some branches an advance is anticipated. As stocks are low, a good many business men are making inquiries for early delivery of material of all kinds, and this is having the effect of strengthening prices.

The clothing manufacturers are working full time, accumulating stocks for what they say will be the earliest and best fall trade they have had for three years. The wool markets are quite active in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, on account of the great demand for wool in English markets. The Philadelphia carpet and hosiery manufacturers, employing some 25,000 hands, have not yet determined upon a schedule of wages for the coming year, but no strike is probable, as the demand will absorb all the carpet and hosiery that can be turned out this year. Prices are very low and margins are light, but manufacturers are content to creep along, believing that better times are in the near future.

The coal trade, both anthracite and bituminous, is beginning to improve, although the shipments for the past week have been light. The heavy output of bituminous is crowding down anthracite. The leading company and Pennsylvania company are contesting closely for outside markets. Manufacturers will buy heavily in the summer. The July production will be 2,500,000 tons of anthracite. The production of anthracite so far this year is 15,000,000 tons, or 1,750,000 tons in excess of production at this time last year.

The army of travelling agents, representing all the great jobbing and manufacturing interests of the New England and Middle states, will start out early in the season than last, under instructions to hold prices up as well as possible, but to not lose trade, even though concessions have to be made. The Knights of Labor are pushing forward the work of organization with renewed energy. Several cooperative companies are projected, but as a rule leaders advise caution in matters of this kind, believing that the first step to permanent success is to be found in perfect organization. The building of halls is encouraged, and at this time there are no less than twenty halls projected throughout the country, more than one million dollars to be built. The gift of the Philadelphia editor and banker of $10,000 to the Printers' International union will likely be followed in the course of a few months by gifts from other wealthy employers, who see in this way a sure method of establishing permanently the friendly relations with their employes. A hall will be built in Philadelphia in five years at a cost of $50,000.

Nearly all assemblies are increasing their membership, but after all, a great many apprehend that the order is not on a permanently satisfactory footing, especially since the high ground has been taken, that there must be no more strikes or boycotts, excepting under a strong discussion of the general executive committee. This policy is not acceptable to the rank and file of the membership who feel that they have given up the control they ought to exercise. The thing is an experiment.

An International convention of glass workers will be held in St. Helens, England, on July 15, and the American delegates set sail July 3. Several labor conventions will be held during July and August, but for the present no further attempts will be made to bring the Knights and the trade unionists together.

The rule of action laid down by the Knights of Labor now is that no strike in which more than 25 hands are concerned will be sanctioned, unless the general executive board has been appealed to in person, in an effort to settle existing troubles by arbitration, and even then the hands can only be ordered out by a majority vote of the general executive board. In cases where 24 hands or less are directly or indirectly involved, a strike may be ordered by the local assembly, provided that two-thirds of its members in good standing so decide by secret ballot. This is laying a broad and conservative foundation, which will make employers and the public generally feel safe against any unjust or unwise strike.

The subject of arbitration is not as favorably received by organized labor at large as the public have been led to believe. Organized labor has certain standards or justice and equity, which it proposes to enforce whenever and wherever it finds itself in possession of power to do so. If this standard can be recognized in arbitration, then arbitration will be accepted, but if not, the Knights will agitate and organize until they are able to force their own opinions and views.

There is more or less agitation amongst the greenbackers among workingmen. Several state conventions will be held during the summer and tickets nominated. Neither the Knights nor the Trade Unionists as bodies are to put any part in this movement. The so-called socialists in New York and Chicago, since their recent outbreaks have kept very quiet. It is likely that if the real sentiment of the Knights of Labor was understood, that it would be found that they are in accord with the higher and broader doctrines of socialism, such as has been annunciated by Carl Marks and LaSalle.

Many of the so-called labor papers of the country have already been quietly bought up in one way or another, at least to the extent of talking very mildly about the wrongs under which labor suffers. Their teeth have been drawn and they are harmless. They believe in conservatism, in striking next year, in listening to their employers' side, and in general in not taking the decided stand which they have been advocating for years past.

The net result of the shorter hour movement has been disappointing to the rank and file. A considerable percentage have returned to ten-hour system. Another effort will be made, perhaps next spring, with the expected co-operation of the leading labor organizations.

The boot and shoe manufacturers have their orders in hand for summer and fall execution, which are larger than at any time for two or three years. The manufacture finds is heavier and more machinery is being put in now than for a year or two at least.

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Infantile and Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula and other inherited skin and blood diseases

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BACK ACHE, Uterine Pains, Soreness and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 25c.

AYER'S PILLS.

Sugar-Coated Cathartic

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

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The Bowels.

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I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

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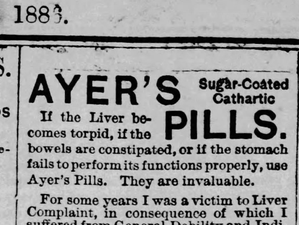

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

WHILE the trade reports for the last week show that the midsummer dullness in on us, there is an undertone of hopefulness, of confidence in the real strength of the situation, that renders it almost a certainty that the fall trade will begin with a boom, and a long step be taken on the road to recovery from the long-lasting period of stagnation and depression. One of the significant pointers in this direction is the iron industry. On June 1 the furnaces of the United States were producing more iron than at any previous time in our history. There were 308 furnaces in blast, with a weekly product of 119,970 tons—an increase of 23 per cent. over January last, and 75 to 80 per cent. over the same time last year. It is an axiom that the iron business is the pulse of general trade. An increase of 23 per cent. in production in five months, with no break in average prices, augurs well.

LAST week showed a total, in the United States and Canada, of 162 business failures, as compared with 155 last week.

THE wheat harvest of the United States has been progressing the past week under some disadvantages. The weather, in general, has been unsettled and showery, greatly delaying the progress of work and also creating imminent risks of damage. There has been no stacking and but little threshing, the grain being in a generally damp condition, though as yet no serious injuries have been reported. As yet injury is a matter of apprehension instead of reality, but it is an unpleasant fact of the situation that this apprehension is increasing, and justifiably so. New crop deliveries are being made at 75 cents, or 4@5c less than the prices of old crop wheat. There is no shipping margin at this figure, and the demand has been entirely local. Oats have been subject to the same weather and disadvantages as wheat, but corn and grass have produced no serious grounds of complaint in the principal states. The abundance in all parts of the country of the earlier small harvests of the year's fruitage, the vegetables and fruits, has probably never been equaled, and, as to the great staples which are to come in for the intermediate and late harvests, the crops all stand to make maximum yields, with the single exception of wheat.

IN the House this week the consideration of appropriation bills for land forfeiture will have precedence over all other business. In the Senate one day will be devoted to the Des Moines River land bill and one to executive session, if so much is necessary. The remainder of the week, it is expected, will be given to the Legislative and Postoffice appropriation bills. The River and Harbor bill will be taken up on Wednesday.

THE vote on the Morrison bill was a matter of intense interest to the English free traders. Mr. WEST, the British minister at Washington, had so deep a feeling in the matter that he attended the session of the House while the vote was being taken. British interests received a knock-down blow that day.

THE United States Senate has before it a proposition for the survey of a railway line to Alaska. Maj. POWELL, of the United States geological survey, reports it practical in an engineering sense. The line would run from Montana in Northwest course to Alaska, and through the latter by the route of the Peace and Yukon rivers to the shore of Behring sea, a distance of 2,800 miles.

THE opinion prevails at Washington that Mr. CLEVELAND is preparing to exert the entire influence of the administration on the fall elections in what are deemed close states—California, Indiana and Ohio—by dishing out the "fat" offices at a time when it will do the most good.

THE Senate committee on Privileges and Elections, by its action in the PAYNE bribery case, serves notice on the state of Ohio that she will have to take care of herself. If she is remiss enough to allow a gang of scoundrels to buy an election to the highest office in the gift of her people, she must accept the shame, and not look to the United States Senate for redress. While we do not agree with this finding, and think that the Senate is as much disgraced as is the State by having a man holding the honor of membership therein whose title is tainted with fraud, we are certain that the honest citizens of Ohio are "fighting mad" over the PAYNE business, and will hunt the members of the coal-oil gang to their holes whenever they dare hereafter to meddle in politics.

SEC. MANNING is said by his private secretary to be much improved in health and spirits. He is in as good health now as at any time for six months before his recent illness, the only remaining sign of which is a slight lameness. He will leave Virginia in a week or ten days for his home in New York.

THE Dingley shipping bill is now a law, having received the Presidential signature, and it is now within the power of the executive to compel Canada to stop her warfare on American fisheries by retaliatory commercial measures, should the Dominion government again resort to such a course.

THE most objectionable features of the RANDALL tariff bill, to our mind, are those taking the internal revenue tax off tobacco in all its forms, and also removing it from fruit brandies and wines. Tobacco is a luxury, and the tax on it is a righteous one. It brings in a large revenue, and is a hardship to no one. If a man thinks cigars and tobacco are too high, he need not purchase them. He will be all the better physically for his abstinence. And we are opposed to the removal of any existing tax upon liquor in any form. Let the traffic be hampered in all possible ways until the time comes—and it is coming swiftly—when the people shall rise in their might and demand its extinction in the nation.

THE copperhead Democratic editor at DeKalb, Ill., who remarked in his paper, at the time of the old hero's death at Mt. McGregor, that he was "glad GRANT was dead and hoped he was in hell," was appointed postmaster of that town by CLEVELAND, but the Senate rejected him. A clear case wherein the punishment fits the crime.

GEN. BLACK, commissioner of Pensions, is making a most odious record in his official capacity. From March 17, 1885, to March 16, 1886, he has dismissed 137 employes of the pension office, of whom 49 were ex-soldiers. The National Veterans' Rights union declares that the removals of soldiers were without cause, and in open violation of the law which commands that preference shall be given to veterans. The Veterans' Rights union will appeal to the President and if the latter does his duty he will revoke the action of BLACK.

LAND COMMISSIONER SPARKS, whose official utterances have been so full of bitterness against rich corporations, etc., now turns out to be a bloated bondholder and a coupon-clipper himself. He is one of the wealthiest men of the present administration, and the bulk of his riches is in bonds. There are few Western capitalists who cut off such a variety of coupons as he does each year.

THAT insufferable bore, KEILEY, has turned up again. He was not wanted as United States minister by either Italy or Austria, but he is a protege of Sec. BAYARD'S, and the latter is going to give him a soft berth as assistant secretary of State.

WHAT has become of that $400,000,000 surplus in the United States treasury which Mr. RANDALL promised in the 1884 campaign, should be distributed in the channels of commerce as soon as Mr. CLEVELAND took his seat?

THE dissolution of the British Parliament on Friday was by no means unexpected, and in fact has been foreseen for some time past in the event of Mr. GLADSTONE'S defeat upon the Home Rule bill. He has appeared to the country in a straightforward way for its support of the principle, and in two or three weeks' time at most the result will be known. Should it be favorable, it will be one of the greatest triumphs every won by a statesman in any country, considering the state of feeling six months ago. But the events during that period have been startling surprises from beginning to end—the disruption of the Liberal party, the fantastic coalition between Lord HARTINGTON, Lord SALISBURY, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and the creation of a powerful Home Rule party in England and Scotland.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is fast approaching his 80th year, he is conducting the present campaign with all of the fervor and earnestness of a man in his forties. At Manchester on Friday his speech was a most remarkable one, and it aroused wonderful enthusiasm. The accusation which has been made that he was carefully refraining from going into the details of the next Home-Rule bill which he would offer, he met by more specific statements than he had yet made. One of the most shrewd things which he has yet done, however, was the naming of Lord ROSEBERY as his successor when he should retire from the field of English politics. It was an assurance to his party that the Home-Rule policy was not so borne up by his personality that it would die for lack of a leader, should his efforts be withdrawn. There is no doubt but the wisdom of his choice is apparent to both the English and Scotch public.

THE address issued by JOHN BRIGHT, the life-long apostle of Freedom, to his constituents in Central Birmingham, in which he takes strong ground against Home Rule will be a surprise to his friends and hitherto admirers. He has been so long with the advance guard in all such matters, that his desertion to the rear at this late day is entirely unexpected. The reason which he gives—that in his judgment the Parnellites are not fit to govern their country—seems like a dodging of the real issue. The principle is either right or wrong, and should be so declared without reference to individuals. Mr. BRIGHT'S manifesto is brief, and will, no doubt, be read with interest, and must carry with it great weight among a people who have been accustomed to regard his indorsement as a guarantee of the wisdom and justice of any course of political conduct. Whether his influence will be strong enough to defeat Mr. GLADSTONE or not remains to be seen. Meanwhile the latter never showed to a greater degree how near to genius his tact approached than when he stood in Free Trade Hall in Manchester and declared that he should never criticise Mr. BRIGHT, "whose integrity," he said, "I revere, whose character I love, and who has conferred on his country inestimable privileges." The assembled thousands were wild with delight.

THE British elections begin in the boroughs on July 2, and in the counties July 5. They end July 14.

AT Mannheim, Germany, an epidemic of suicides seems to be raging; one attempt a day having been made for some time, and frequently more. For a city of 60,000 people this is an abnormal condition of things.

THE Pope has sent the "golden rose" to the Queen of Spain, with an autograph letter.

THE first act of the COMTE DE PARIS, the exiled Orleans prince, upon reaching England, is to issue a manifesto, which, in itself, constitutes the very strongest justification of the expulsion of the family that has yet appeared. In it he throws off all disguise and declares himself a representative of monarchy, taunting the Republic with being afraid of him, and in short shows himself instead of a simple citizen, wronged by being sent away from his home and country, to be a professional intriguer and a sworn enemy to free government. That the Republic has gained anything by sending him away, however, is more than questionable. He can, from a distance, do even more harm than in France, and that he will do so is made evident from his manifesto.

THE Panama canal scheme dies hard. Its promoters in France have at last secured the submission to the Chamber of Deputies by the French government of a bill authorizing the canal company to issue its preferred loan; but even should the bill be carried through the Chamber and through the Senate it is not by any means certain that it will serve the company its purpose, since it is accompanied by a preamble which states the condition of the company's affairs in such a manner that no wise or conservative person would dream of investing money in its bonds.

THE Austrian Government has undertaken to investigate the true nature of pellagra, a frightful malada caused by an exclusive maize diet, which has scourged Italy for a long time, and is now extending into France, Spain and Austria. Two physicians from Vienna have undertaken the examination. The famous pathologist, Prof. BAMBERGER, is at the head of the investigation.

DURING the past week elections have occurred in some of the South American states. In Chili there were considerable riots during two days, in which 51 persons were killed and many more wounded.

POPULAR EDUCATION VERSUS THE RUM POWER.

Seventeen states and one territory have now enacted laws which provide for the study of the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks in the public schools; and Congress has lately passed a similar law, applicable to the district of Columbia, and the military and naval academies of West Point and Annapolis respectively, and to the Indian and colored schools established by the authority of the national government in the territories. That a similar provision will be engrafted upon the statutes of all the other states is but a matter of time. The net result of this instruction as to the real properties and physical effects of alcohol will be, that the next generation of men and women will be able to look at the Rum question through the clear eyes of science, and the strength of the movement for the suppression of the Rum traffic will be enormously increased.

That all temperate men are not Prohibitionists in sentiment, and are not actively engaged in the battle against the Rum Power, is due simply to ignorance. The amount of error as to the real nature of Rum—which term has come to be used in a general sense, to embrace all malt, vinous or spirituous liquors, and all of which contain alcohol—is astonishing to one who understands the case. Doctors, following the erroneous beliefs of the past, prescribe Rum in their daily practice; people who do not dream of the dangers they incur nor the risk they run, use it in their families, as a sort of general cure-all. On all sides you will hear the view expressed that it is not the use, but the abuse of Rum, which is harmful. And the result is, that the Rum Power finds one of its strongest bulwarks in the ignorance and indifference of the great mass of the people.

Rum in any form has for its basis alcohol. And what is alcohol? Dr. WILLARD PARKER, of New York, answers:

> Alcohol is a poison. It is so regarded by the best writers and teachers on toxicology. Like arsenic, corrosive sublimate, and prussic acid, when introduced into the system it is capable of destroying life without acting mechanically, and it induces a general disease as well marked as fever, small-pox or lead poison.

Prof. YOUMANS, an eminent chemist of the same city, says:

> It is evident that, so far from being the conservator of health, alcohol is an active and powerful cause of disease, interfering with the respiration, the circulation, and the nutrition.

Dr. RICHARDSON, one of the greatest of English physicians of the present day, after making a long series of researches to determine the nature of alcohol, declares:

> I find it to be an agent that gives no strength, that reduces the tone of the blood vessels and heart, that reduces the nervous power, that builds up no tissues, and can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food. On that side of the question my mind is made up, that this agent, in the most moderate quantity, is perfectly useless for any of the conditions of life to which men are subjected, except under the most exceptional conditions, which none but close observers can declare.

Practically, the decision of science is that every man who drinks Rum inevitably poisons himself. The process may be slow, but it is absolutely sure. He who drinks may not intend suicide, but all the same he evidently kills himself, directly or indirectly; for where Rum is not the direct cause of death, it has opened the door to the fatal disease, and has shortened the full term of years which nature had intended the victim to live.

In all visitations of epidemics it is found that Rum's votaries form the greater portion of the victims of the disease. In New York, for instance, in the cholera epidemic of 1832, out of 1,615 cases treated in hospitals, 1,023—nearly two-thirds—were decidedly intemperate persons. In 1853 the yellow fever desolated New Orleans, and a physician of that city wrote to a medical journal that about 5,000 of the patrons of drinking saloons died before the disease touched a single sober man. Last summer, during one of the extremely hot spells, a New York paper stated that the number of fatal cases of sunstroke was 145, of which at least two-thirds were habitual drinkers. And the researches of Mr. NELSON, an eminent English life insurance actuary, who was investigating the effect of Rum on the duration of life, resulted in the startling conclusion that among beer drinkers, 4.597 per cent. annually died; among spirit drinkers, 5.995 per cent. annually died; among mixed drinkers, 6.194 per cent. annually died; while of the general population, which included both temperate and intemperate, less than 2½ per cent. died yearly.

Is it not well that our children should know these things? That they should, before they can have contracted a taste for Rum, before it has reached brain and system with its withering touch of fire, before it has has taught the tongue the infernal Rum-thirst, know the nature of this demon, and see it in its true light? It will not be difficult to enforce Prohibition when the men and women of the land know that Rum shortens life, ruins health, opens the way for all fell diseases; that it is the most potent promoter of vice, the great incentive to the basest crimes, the great cause of poverty and insanity, and altogether the greatest curse of humanity.

But the education of youth in this direction is not the only thing that should be done. The ignorance of the masses is but a negative force for the perpetuation of the Rum curse. It has its active agents and promoters, untiring and vigilant, spurred to work by the basest of all motives—the greed of gain. The brewers and distillers, the rectifiers, the wholesale dealers, and the vast army of saloonists, are all interested in perpetuating the reign of Rum. To them it brings gold. What does it matter to them that there is a veritable army, 75,000 strong, going to the grave each year in this country, from the effects of Rum, so that their source of wealth is not endangered?

The Rum traffic is the curse of the land. The men who carry it on are active missionaries of the devil, doing his hellish work day and night in dragging down men to ruin, beggary, vice, crime and death. Their ears are deaf to the wails and tears of widows and orphans; think you they care for the teachings of science as to Rum? They grow rich out of the unholy profits of the accursed traffic; is it probable they will voluntarily abandon the source of their ill-gotten wealth? For the Rum Power there is need of a sterner remedy; it must be subjected to a more stringent discipline than that of the schools. Argument is thrown away upon it. There is but one thing that can be done which will be effectual, and that is to crush it, to pulverize it! The majority of the people, through Prohibition, must deal it its death-blow.

It is useless to palter with it. Brutal and aggressive, it opposes fiercely all the elements upon which the safety and perpetuity of a free government depend. It corrupts the ballot-box, and places its creatures in office, that it may not be disturbed. It wishes to arrogate to itself supreme power, fearing that if it is vested elsewhere its reign will be cut short. There is but one effectual way of dealing with the Rum traffic, and that is to prohibit it. Prohibit the manufacture and sale of Rum, and you strike its death-blow. Prohibition is the sole way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE magnificent sermon of Dr. TALMAGE, given in the BLADE to day, was preached on Sunday last among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, whither his congregation had accompanied him on their annual pilgrimage. His subject was "An Island Vision," based upon that of ST. JOHN in the isle of Patmos, and it is treated with the characteristic eloquence and freedom that have made this celebrated divine's sermons so popular.

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MORRISON'S MADNESS.

Mr. MORRISON, instead of again attempting to bring his tariff reduction bill before the House on the 22d, presented a report from the committee on Rules, proposing to amend the rules so as to provide that, whenever a general pension bill is reported to the House, it shall be in order to attach thereto a provision for raising the revenue necessary for the proposed expenditure.

It is difficult to find fitting words in which to express an opinion of this piece of partisan malice and covert enmity to the men who wore the blue. Mr. MCKINLEY called attention to the glaring inconsistency of the demagogue MORRISON in making such a report and advocating its adoption. Here he has been urging Congress to pass his tariff reduction bill, which would lessen the revenues of the government at least $25,000,000 a year, and supporting it on the plea that the income of the United States is too great, and that public policy demands that the revenue shall be reduced. Now he advocates this new measure on the ground that there will be no money to pay pensions if the pending bills are passed.

The real object of this unpatriotic Illinois free trade demagogue is to render the payment of pensions unpopular. His animus is clear. Why did he not report an amendment to the rules, for instance, making it in order to add a rider to every bill involving the expenditure of money, outside of the regular departmental expenses? Why should not bills for public buildings in the various cities of the country have riders attached to them providing the means for the erection of the structures? Why should not the River and Harbor bill have a provision attached to it for raising the $15,000,000 which it proposes to expend? There is no good reason why this should be done with pension bills that will not apply with as much cogency to any bill making appropriations.

The real purpose of MORRISON is to make pension bills odious to the unthinking mass of voters. It is but a part of the undying enmity of the Democratic party, as a party, to the men who crushed armed rebellion, preserved the Union, destroyed slavery, and overthrew the cardinal principles of Democracy, secession and states' rights.

The entire Democratic contingent in the administration, from CLEVELAND down, has been "doing its level best" to prevent any legislation for Union ex-soldiers, and to shut them out from all government patronage. The President, the secretary of the Interior, the commissioner of Pensions, the Democrats in Congress, are all united in this one object—and we may say with truth, in passing, that it is about the only thing on which they are united. There is no escape from the conclusion than that this proposed amendment to the rules is intended to obstruct and prevent all legislation for the relief of federal soldiers. The pension laws are general in their scope. There are a large number of cases—and deserving ones—which do not come under these general provisions. They are exceptional, but none the less worthy of the government's generosity. The Pension office can do nothing, working under the strict letter of the law, and, under Commissioner BLACK, construing those laws as unfavorably to applicants as possible. These deserving cases can only be reached by special acts of Congress. The whole pack of Democratic curs set up a yelp whenever such a bill passes, and a chumpy, self-sufficient President sets up o' nights to write scolding veto messages denying these war-worn veterans what they deserve.

Now a word on this whole matter of pensions. There is one view of this matter that the people of this country should carefully ponder, and we shall state it as briefly and plainly as possible.

When treason appealed to the sword to decide its cause, there were two things the United States government needed in order to carry the war to successful issue—men and money. One was just as necessary as the other. The future looked dark, the outcome of the struggle seemed doubtful, and capital is proverbially timorous. Men rushed to arms in response to the country's call, but money must be had to feed and clothe and arm them, to buy the munitions of war and in fact all war material, and to pay the volunteers that the wives and children and dependent ones they left behind might be properly supported. The government had to borrow that money, issuing bonds therefor, and these bonds of course bore interest. We have paid something like half of them, but the remainder are yet to be paid.

Now for the money we had to have in our time of need, we have paid—how much? The *American Almanac* for 1885, page 62, has an analysis of our debt. From it we take the total of interest paid on the United States bonds from August 31, 1865—excluding all interest paid while the war went on—to the end of the fiscal year 1884-85. The grand total is $2,043,429,514. This is the total of the annual interest, computed upon the amount of outstanding principal at the close of each fiscal year, and omits the interest charged on the Pacific railway bonds. So it represents practically the interest on the war debt alone. Over *two billions* of dollars paid for the money we needed—for one of the two factors essential to the success of our arms.

How much have we paid for the men we needed—for the other essential factor? Let Mr. MORRISON himself tell, and we may be sure the figures will not be too small.

In his speech advocating the amendment to the rules, so that a rider could be placed on all pension bills, he made a statement of the pensions paid, showing that since the war $800,000,000 had been paid out for this purpose. He said that when the arrearages of pension act had been passed it was estimated that $35,000,000 more would be required, but $200,000,000 had been disbursed now, and $60,000,000 more will possibly be needed to fully carry out the law.

If it is just and right—and it is—that we should pay over $2,043,429,514 for the money we needed for the war, it is equally just and right that the old soldiers should have at least the same sum. Yet MORRISON'S argument shows a total of pensions already paid with the additional sums that will be required under the later measures he mentions, of only $1,000,000,000. Just a little less than half of what the moneyed men are getting for their aid. Shall money be entitled to a greater reward than the men who risked life or health in the defense of the nation?

HENRI WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the exponent of Southern Democracy, says that

> Cleveland's administration puts its belly three times a day to signify it has had three square meals, and blesses the Lord it has no views to speak of.

The absolute fidelity to truth of this vigorous and vivid characterization enables us to excuse the unadorned English in which it is framed.

It is announced that the moderate silver men are arranging for a conference, which will be held within the next few weeks, to map out a plan of action looking to securing a common bimetallic standard among the leading commercial countries.

THE FITZ JOHN PORTER BILL.

There is a remarkable and unexplainable trait of humanity which leads, at times, to the attempted reversal of the verdict of history in the cases of traitors, tyrants, and others of bad eminence. A prominent Ohio Democratic politician and journalist, a year or so ago, made an erratic trial of the lecture field, and attempted to prove that JUDAS ISCARIOT is a much maligned and persecuted individual, whose motives were of the best. FROUDE, the historian, makes an effort to show that HENRY VIII. of England was a very praiseworthy individual, all things considered; the same has been attempted regarding the infamous BORGIA family; and other instances will readily be remembered by the student of history.

The latest attempt in this line is the FITZ JOHN PORTER case. The bill for his relief has passed both houses of Congress, and has gone to the President. It authorizes the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint PORTER to the position of colonel in the army—the same grade and rank held by him at the time of dismissal—and authorizes the President to place him on the retired list as of that grade; PORTER, however, to receive no compensation or allowance prior to his appointment under the act.

The struggle to overset the finding of the court-martial which tried PORTER has lasted over twenty years. For a refusal to obey the orders of his commander, Gen. POPE, to march upon the enemy on the night of August 27, 1862, he was sentenced to be cashiered and "forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the government of the United States." A bill finally passed the Senate in 1880 for his relief, but was not taken up in the House. A similar bill passed the Senate in 1883, but again failed to come to a vote in the House. In February, 1884, the Senate passed it again, and the House did the same on March 13; but Pres. ARTHUR vetoed it on the ground that it created an office and then appointed a person to fill it, thus transcending the constitutional power of Congress, as the President has the sole appointing power. Last February the House passed the present bill, and the Senate has now done so.

PORTER is now 64 years old. This bill has the effect of giving him $2,625 a year for the first five years on the retired list, increasing this by 10 per cent. a year for the next five years, 20 per cent. the next five, and so on. PORTER and his friends claim that the bill "vindicates" his character, but it is impossible to change men's opinions by legal enactment. The first duty of a subordinate officer is to obey his superior, unless it is absolutely impossible. What he may think of the matter is of no consequence. If he disobeys, it is at the risk of court-martial. PORTER took the risk. There was no impossibility in his obeying POPE'S command, and when he did not do so, he should not complain of the consequences. The measure was voted for by every Democrat, every ex-Confederate in Congress. It is a partisan measure, for the relief of an insubordinate commander, of whom LINCOLN said, when upon PORTER'S first conviction he would have been condemned to death: "For God's sake, don't require me to shoot a Democrat at this time!"

Will CLEVELAND sign the bill? There has been some doubt expressed, because it clearly trenches on the appointing privileges of the President, as did the bill that Mr. ARTHUR vetoed; and CLEVELAND is such a stickler for the prerogatives of his office that they believe he will veto it on that ground. For ourselves, we have no doubt he will sign it at once. He is complaisant to the ex-rebel element of the South, and this is an unit in favor of a measure which materially aided their arms at a critical point in the struggle. At the time the bill was on its passage in the Senate, he was vetoing a bill to give a pension of $50 a month to the distressed and poverty-stricken widow of Gen. HUNTER, who presided over the court-martial that tried PORTER. The bill will undoubtedly become law by the President's assent; but it can not undo this disobedience of PORTER, nor reverse the verdict of condemnation in the minds of all loyal Americans.

BRITISH CONSERVATISM.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a gentleman with a vast talent for vituperative eloquence. In his election address, for instance, he appeals to his constituents after this style:

> The constitution is to be shattered and the Liberal party is to be shivered, for no other reason than to gratify the ambition of an old man in a hurry.

CHURCHILL'S appeal reminds us forcibly of the rabid utterances of the copperheads of the North during the dark days of the rebellion. The "constitution" was with them, as it is with RANDY, an object of intense devotion, and they feared it was to be "shattered" by a vigorous prosecution of the war to put down armed rebellion and preserve the integrity of the Union. And in the present case, in Great Britain, as with us in 1863-4, a segment of the people, with their leaders, are utterly incapable of realizing that the nation is face to face with a revolution which will change, to some extent, the relations of one section of the country to the organic whole. To them the premonitions of the inevitable change are the rumblings of an earthquake which shall bring destruction and ruin.

The Tories of Great Britain are face to face with the crisis, but they will not meet it in a sensible way. The old order of things is doomed. It is useless to cry that because Ireland is represented in the Imperial Parliament, therefore she has all that England, or Scotland, or Wales possesses, and should ask nothing more. One-eighth of the members of Parliament are Irish, it is true; but that Parliament has the power of local legislation for Ireland, and when any purely Irish question has come up in the past there have been seven votes against Ireland's best interests to one for them. The era of oppression and tyranny, and force, which has lasted for centuries, has gone by, and Ireland must have and will have her local interests placed in her own hands. The British constitution will not be shattered; it will be amended and improved. It is the curse of conservatism that it eternally fixes its eyes on the past and fears any change in the established order of things, especially in organic laws. They fail to see that the world moves, and that a constitution whose provisions fitted exactly the national conditions a generation or two ago has become antiquated and needs remodeling. That was the trouble with the Copperheads of this country in the war era.

THE story comes from Columbus that the votes of three members of the Coal-oil legislature were bought for PAYNE and the men themselves didn't know it. In one case, an outsider received $2,500 for his member's vote, and exercised his persuasive powers to such good effect that the guileless statesman voted for PAYNE, and his enterprising constituent salted down the $2,500. Two other men did the same for another member, dividing the money. Another similar instance is reported. The three members who were sold out are indignant over the matter, and desire to have the matter fully exposed. It will be given to the Senate committee. Two other ex-members are reported as being ready to admit that they were purchased, and promise to give full details for consideration. Verily, the sin of the boodlers is likely to find them out.

SOMETHING of interest to housekeepers will be found in the publisher's department this week.

THE PAYNE CASE.

The refusal of the majority of the Senate committee on Privileges and Elections to take up the charges of bribery in connection with Mr. PAYNE'S election has taken the people of Ohio by surprise. There is no doubt in the mind of any honest citizen of this commonwealth that large sums of money were corruptly used on that occasion. The Democrats in many sections of the state tacitly admitted this fact in the legislative campaign, by promptly shelving members of the Coal-oil legislature who came up for re-nomination. Not a corporal's guard were put upon the Democratic ticket in the state, though many were clearly entitled to renomination by the usages of Ohio Democracy, which makes it a rule to give a man two terms. The failure to observe this custom is convincing proof to any Ohioan that the Democrats themselves believe that many Democratic members of the last General Assembly were bribed to vote for PAYNE.

We believe no stronger case was ever presented to a Senate committee. From the very nature of the case, evidence is hard to obtain in a bribery case; but there was such bold and daring use of money on this occasion, and so much circumstantial and corroborative evidence, that the action of the Senate committee is utterly inexplainable. The matter should not and will not be allowed to drop here. Messrs. HOAR and FRYE, the two members of the committee who dissented from the views of the majority, will present their views of the facts in the case to the Senate in the shape of a minority report, and Mr. SHERMAN has declared his intention of supporting that report in a speech. It is certain that the astounding action of Messrs. LOGAN, EVARTS and TELLER in uniting with the Democrats of the committee in reporting against the investigation will have also to be defended by themselves on that occasion; for the honest indignation of the Republicans of Ohio, and of the country at large is freely expressed, and they will not dare take refuge in silence. For ourselves, we suspend judgment until they have an opportunity for explanation.

The conduct of PAYNE himself lends color to the charges. Any other man, conscious of his innocence would have demanded an immediate investigation at the hands of the Senate. Such an accusation can not be met by keeping silence. The people will not accept the assumption of lofty indifference as a vindication, nor will they believe in Sen. PAYNE'S innocence until it is clearly shown by an exhaustive inquiry at the hands of the United States Senate.

DAVID DAVIS DEAD.

Hon. DAVID DAVIS died on June 26 at his home in Bloomington, Ill., after a long and painful illness. He was one of the most prominent of the citizens of Illinois, not so much through his commanding talents as through the chances of politics. The sequence of events made him twice the most imprtant man in the political history of the nation. The first of these episodes was during the contested Presidential election of 1876. He was on the Supreme bench of the United States at the time, and it was intended that he should be made the odd member of the Electoral Commission, to settle that matter, as his reputation for judicial fairness led both sides to desire his selection. Just then a deadlock occurred in the Illinois legislature over the election of a United States Senator, and Judge DAVIS was chosen as a compromise candidate. DAVIS went to the Senate and Justice BRADLEY was the odd man on the Electoral Commission. Judge DAVIS was President of the Senate for one Congress, and in the struggle over appointments in the first days of GARFIELD'S administration he held the balance of power in that body, with Sen. MAHONE.

CANADA BACKS DOWN.

Mr. MITCHELL, Privy Councillor, has explained the action of the Dominion government in receding from the extreme position it had taken on the fisheries question. It means that the Canadian authorities, acting under advice from the British government, now concede the claims of the United States regarding the right of American vessels to commercial intercourse with Canadian ports, thus consenting to the claim that the laws of both Great Britain and the United States have superseded the absurd restrictions of the old treaty of 1818. The new order to Canadian customs collectors omits the former instructions to seize crews and vessels for purchasing supplies, or doing anything else than fishing or preparing to fish within the three-mile limit. Regarding this matter the order says:

> You are requested to furnish foreign fishing vessels, boats or fishermen found within three miles of shore, within your district, with a printed copy of the warning enclosed herewith. If any fishing vessel or boat of the United States, found fishing or to have been fishing or preparing to fish, or if hovering within the three mile limit, does not depart within 24 hours after receiving such warning, you will please place an officer on board such vessel, and at once telegraph the facts to the Fishery department at Ottawa and await instructions.

That is Canada has receded entirely from its aggressive position, and on the only disputed point remaining—the three mile limit—she takes cautious ground. A vessel trespassing or believed to be ready to trespass, is to be served with formal notice; and if she does not leave within 24 hours, she is to be formally taken possession of, and the Dominion government is to be informed by telegraph, that it may take action in the matter.

The dispute as to the keeping of American fishermen off shore for a distance of three miles is one of interpretation of the language of the treaty of 1818. By that instrument, American fishermen were not allowed the right of taking, drying, or curing fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of the British North American dominions. They were henceforth only to enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter and of repairing damage therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purposes whatever.

This seems sufficiently explicit at first sight, but in reality there is room for a perfectly honest difference of opinion as to the meaning of the prohibition. The Canadians say that the phrase "bays, creeks and harbors" includes everything called a bay upon their maps, and therefore includes the Bay of Fundy, which lies between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Americans contend that a bay is not a bay in the sense of the convention when it is more than six miles across from headland to headland. As the Bay of Fundy is obviously outside this definition, the Americans claim the right to fish there. The Canadians as streuously deny it.

The Canadians have, perhaps, the best of the argument in the wording of the treaty, but the American interpretation, based upon the proviso specifying upon what grounds entry is to be permitted, that the word "bay" cannot be held applicable to a great arm of the sea like the Bay of Fundy, is very strong. Entry to "such bays and harbors" as those from which the treaty excludes them is to be accorded for purposes of shelter, repair, and obtaining wood and water—all of which implies that the bays and harbors are small, sheltered inlets affording access to land. It would be difficult seriously to contend that the Bay of Fundy, which is 50 miles wide and 150 miles long, was one of "such bays and harbors" as those into which the convention permitted American fishing boats to run for wood, water, shelter or repair. The dispute will be a subject of contention until it is settled one way or the other, and the present negotiations should not be allowed to lapse until it is definitely fixed to the satisfaction of both parties.

TOLEDO ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

With great pleasure we call attention to the first announcement of the Toledo Academy of Fine Arts, on the fifth page. Mr. CARTER, the actuary, is one of the most accomplished connoisseurs in the United States, and Mr. OSTHAUS and Miss KIRKPATRICK, his principal teachers, are among the very first artists in the country, and thoroughly well adapted to teaching. Mr. OSTHAUS is a graduate of the famous Dusseldorf schools in Germany, where he studied seven years. His career as an artist in this country has been exceptionally brilliant.

The school is intended to be thorough, and pupils who have ability will leave the institution artists in every sense of the word, and capable of taking whatever place in the noble profession their ability entitles them to.

Toledo is above all others the place for such a school. There are better opportunities for sketching from nature here than anywhere in the country, the expenses of living are very low, and the society is exceptionally good.

Parents need have no hesitation in sending their children to this school, especially young ladies. They will be provided with homes in private families, and will be looked after the same as though they were in their own homes.

In brief, the school is a permanency, and those wishing to study art can do no better than to attend it.

Pamphlets coutaining full information will be forwarded free of charge by addressing, D. KNIGHT CARTER, Blade building, Toledo, Ohio.

MANNING'S OUTRAGEOUS FINANCIERING.

The BLADE is in receipt of a letter from E. B., Lansing, Mich., who makes the following request:

> As Dan Manning has made such a botch of the debt statement that we farmers cannot understand it, will you please tell us how much the present administration has reduced the public debt, and whether they have been only paying the debt and not the principal? While the Republican party were in power the debt was being rapidly reduced, and we could see it; but since the Democratic party have gotten into power I can tell nothing about it, whether the debt is being reduced or increased, on account of Dan Manning's "puzzle" debt statement, which I believe was invented so that we farmers and laborers could tell nothing about it.

The debt, taken as a whole, has been reduced. Owing to the change in the form of statement, it is almost impossible to make a comparison of the general items. The point, however, that bears most heavily upon Mr. MANNING is the fact that he has not used the cash which is piling up in the treasury to pay off bonds now available for payment, thus stopping the interest, which is burdening the people. The total cash in the treasury on June 1, 1885, was $490,406,300, of which Mr. MANNING admits that $202,164,273 are available for paying the debt, besides the $100,000,000 which he assumes he must set aside for the redemption of the greenbacks. Why does he not pay out that $202,000,000 and over? Let us relate some facts that the people do not seem to understand:

There were originally something over $300,000,000 of three per cent. United States bonds issued, all of which are "payable upon call"—that is, the government has the right to pay them whenever it wishes. They have not a fixed time to run, as have the other issues of bonds. Up to the inauguration of CLEVELAND, $110,000,000 had been paid, and $10,000,000 more had been called in for payment. In the year and four months of Democratic administration there have been called $34,000,000 of these. There are, by the last debt statement, $134,059,400 of these threes outstanding. In the year 1884, at the time of CLEVELAND'S election, it was understood that if the Republican policy were carried out, the last of these bonds would be called in June, 1886—this present month.

Now the last debt statement shows, as we have said, that there are $154,059,400 of these bonds still outstanding, which MANNING can call for payment by a stroke of his pen. He has, by his own statement, $202,164,273 in cash available for their payment. He can pay them all off and yet have over $48,000,000 left of his "available" cash. He can stop the interest—which is $4,500,000 a year—and save that loss to the people. It is perfectly plain that every day that he lets them run is just that much dead loss. Figure it out for yourself: $4,500,000 a year is over $87,000 a week, and over $12,500 a day! That much of the people's money absolutely thrown away because we have a secretary of the Treasury who is the creature of the Wall street bankers! What business man will let a debt run, adding interest daily, when he has the money in his pocket to pay it? And why shall not the government be run on the same sound business principles

TALMAGE'S EXCURSION SERMON.

He and His Congregation Go to Alexandria Bay—The Eloquent Divine Preaches a Sermon on the Islands in History.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., June 27.—The congregation of the Brooklyn Tabernacle this year have made pilgrimage to this place, accompanied by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., their pastor. Many hundreds of them left Brooklyn on Saturday, June 26, arriving here on the evening of the same day, and will remain until Tuesday. Special trains of cars were provided for them. They came down the St. Lawrence last night on two large steamers, the cottages along the route on the islands all being grandly decorated and illuminated for occasion. The night was very dark and the lights shone magnificently. Rose Island, owned by William G. Rose, of Cleveland, was illuminated by 200 colored lanterns. As the boats passed it the passengers cheered and shot off Roman candles and various colored lights. Gliding down the river between the red lights and blazing fireworks the boats seemed to be passing between hostile forts, the effects being grand and magnificent in the extreme.

A multitude from the surrounding villages joined them to-day, and this afternoon Dr. Talmage delivered the following sermon to an immense audience in the grounds of the Thousand Islands House. His subject was, "An Island Vision," and his texts, Revelation i. 9: "I, John, was in the isle that is called Patmos," and Revelation xxi. 21: "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls." The preacher said:

This Sabbath morning finds us amid the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence. Amid the enchantment of the scenery some of us are like Paul when he said: "Whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell" Not having read the geologists' account of how this region was formed, I may surmise that after the St. Lawrence began its majestic roll, these islands were dropped into it out of the heavenly landscape.

Islands above us, islands below us, islands all around us, I am reminded how much the islands of the world have had to do with sacred and profane history. Elba, from which Napoleon started for his last struggle; and St. Helena, where he ended it; the island of Guernsey, where the great soul of Victor Hugo chafed in exile until republicanism in France drove back despotism; Isle of Borneo, where Adoniram Judson stood, a flaming evangel; the island of Caprera, where Garibaldi rested after the emancipation of Italy; Island of Cyprus, where Barnabas preached; Island of Melita, on which Paul was shipwrecked; and last of all, but mightier than all, and more impressive than all, the Island of Patmos, of which my text speaks, and from which St. John, the exiled Ephesian gospelizer, saw the twelve pearline gates. If God will help up, we can from these Thousand Islands, on this Sabbath morning, see the same glittering portals.

Our subject speaks of a great metropolis, the existence of which many have doubted. Standing on the wharf and looking off upon the harbor, and seeing the merchantmen coming up the bay, the flags of foreign nations streaming from the top gallants, you frame up your minds that all that those vessels came from foreign ports, and you say: "That is from Hamburg, and that is from Marseilles, and that is from Southampton, and that is from Havana," and your supposition is accurate. But from the city of which I am now speaking no wealth-bringing merchantmen or frigates with scarred bulkheads have ever come. There has been a vast emigration into that city, but no emigration from it—so far as our vision can descry.

"There is no such city," says the undevout astronomer. "I have stood in high towers with a mighty telescope and have swept the heavens, and I have seen spots on the sun and caverns in the moon; but no towers have ever risen on my vision, no palaces, no temples, no shining streets no massive wall. There is no such city." Even very good people tell me that heaven is not a material organism, but a grand spiritual fact, and that the Bible descriptions of it are in all cases to be taken figuratively. I bring in reply to this what what Christ said, and he ought to know: "I go to prepare"—not a theory, not a principle, not a sentiment; but "I go to prepare a place for you." The resurrected body implies this.

That it must is to be reformed from the dust it must have something to tread on. If my hand is to be reconstructed it must have something to handle. If my eye, having gone out in death, is to be rekindled, I must have something to gaze on. Your adverse theory seems to imply that the resurrected body has to handle nothing, or to walk in air, or to float amid the intangibles. You may say: If there be material organism, then a soul in heaven will be cramped and hindered in its enjoyments; but I answer: Did not Adam and Eve have plenty of room in the garden of Eden? Although only a few miles would have described the circumference of that place, they had ample room. And do you not suppose that God, in the immensities, can build a place large enough to give the whole race room, even though there be material organisms?

Herschel looked into the heavens. As a Swiss guide puts his alpenstock between the glaciers and crosses over from crag to crag, so Herschel planted his telescope between the worlds and glided from star to star, until he could announce to us that we live in a part of the universe but sparsely strewn with worlds, until he pears out into immensity until he finds a region no larger than our solar system in which there are fifty thousand worlds moving. And Prof. Lang says that by a philosophic reasoning, there must be somewhere a world where there is no darkness, but everlasting sunshine, so that I do not know but that it is also true because we have no telescope powerful enough, that we cannot see into the land where there is no darkness at all, and catch a glimpse of the burnished pinnacles.

As a conquering army, marching on to take a city, comes at nightfall to the crest of a mountain from which in the midst of the valley escape they see the castles they are to capture, and rein in their war chargers and halt and take a good look before they pitch their tents for the night; so, now coming as we do on this mountain top of prospect, I command this regiment of God to rein in their thoughts and halt, and before they pitch their tents for the night take a good, long look at the gates of the city. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."

In the first place, I want you to examine the architecture of those gates. Proprietors of large estates are very apt to have an ornamented gateway. Sometimes the gate is adapted to an arch of masonry; the posts of the gate flanked with lions in statuary; the bronze gate a representation of intertwining foliage, bird haunted, until the hand of architectural genius drops exhausted at all the life frozen into the stone. Babylon had a hundred gates, so had Thebes. Gates of wood and iron and stone guarded nearly all the old cities. Moslems have inscribed upon their gateways inscriptions from the Koran of the Mohammedan. There had been a great many fine gateways, but Christ set his hand to the work, and for the upper city swung a gate such as no eye ever gazed on, untouched of inscription.

With the nail of his own cross he cut in the wonderful traceries stories of past suffering and gladness to come. There is no wood or bronze in that gate, but from top to base and from side to side it is all of pearl. Not one piece picked up from Ceylon banks, and another piece from the Persian Gulf, and another from the Island of Margarette, but one solid pearl picked up from the beach of everlasting light by heavenly hands, and hoisted and swung amid the shouting of angels. The glories of alabaster vase and porphyry pillar fade out before this gateway. It puts out the spark of feldspar and Bohemian diamond. You know how one little precious stone on your finger will flash in the gaslight. But oh the brightness when the great gate of heaven swings, struck through and dripping with the light of eternal noonday!

Julius Cæsar paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand crowns for one pearl. The government of Portugal boasted of having a pearl larger than a pear. Cleopatra and Philip II. dazzled the world's vision with precious stones. But gather all these together and lift them, and add to them all the wealth of the pearl fisheries and set them in the panel of one door, and it does not equal this magnificent gateway. An almighty hand hewed this, strung this, polished this. Against this gateway on the one side dash all the splendors of earthly beauty. Against this gate on the other side beat the surges of eternal glory. O, the gate! the gate! It strikes an infinite charm through every one that passes it. One step this side of that gate and we are paupers. One step the other side of that gate and we are kings. The pilgrim of earth going through sees in the one huge pearl all his earthly tears in crystal. O, gate of light, gate of pearl, gate of heaven, for our weary souls at last swing open!

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?"

O, heaven is not a dull place! Heaven is not a contracted place. Heaven is not a stupid place. "I saw the twelve gates and they were twelve pearls."

In the second place, I want you to count the number of those gates. Imperial parks and lordly manors are apt to have one expensive gateway, and the others are ordinary; but look around at these entrances to heaven and count them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hear it, all the earth and all the heavens! Twelve gates!

I admit this is rather hard on sharp sectarians. If a Presbyterian is bigoted he brings his Westminster assembly catechism and he makes a gateway out of that, and he says to the world: "You go through there or stay out." If a Methodist is bigoted he plants two posts and he says: "Now you crowd in between these two posts or stay out." Or perhaps an Episcopalian may say: "Here is a liturgy out of which I mean to make a gate; go through it or stay out." Or a Baptist may say: "Here is a water-gate; you go through that or stay out." And so in all our churches and in denominations there are men who make one gate for themselves and then demand that the whole world go through it.

I abhor this contractedness in religious views. O, small-souled man, when did God give you the contract for making gates? I tell you plainly, I will not go in that gate. I will go in at any one of the twelve gates I choose. Here is a man who says: "I can more easily and more closely approach God through a prayer-book." I say: "My brother, then use the prayer-book." Here is a man who says: "I believe there is only one mode of baptism, and that is immersion." Then I say: "Let me plunge you." Anyhow I say: "Away with the gate of rough panel and rotten posts and rusted latch, when there are twelve gates and they are twelve pearls."

The fact is that a great many of the churches in this day are being doctrined to death. They have been trying to find out all about God's decrees, and they want to know who are elected to be saved and who are reprobated to be damned, and they are keeping on discussing that subject when there are millions of souls who need to have the truth put straight at them. They sit counting the number of teeth in the jawbone with which Samson slew the Philistines. They sit on the beach and see a vessel going to pieces in the offing, and instead of getting into a boat and pulling away for the wreck, they sit discussing the different styles of oar-locks. God intended us to know some things and intended us not to know others.

I have heard scores of sermons explanatory of God's decrees, but came away more perplexed than when I went. The only result of such a discussion is a great fog. Here are two truths which are to conquer the world: Man, a sinner—Christ, a savior. Any man who adopts those two theories in his religious belief shall have my right hand in warm grip of Christian brotherhood.

A man comes down to a river in time of freshet. He wants to get across. He has to swim. What does he do? The first thing is to put off his heavy apparel and drop everything he has in his hands. He must go empty-handed if he is going to the other bank. And I tell you when we have come down to the river of death and find it swift and raging, we will have to put off all our sectarianism, and lay down our cumbrous creed, and empty-handed put out for the other shore.

"What," say you, "would you resolve all the Christian church into one kind of church? Would you make all christendom worship in the same way, by the same forms?" O, no! You might as well decide that all people shall eat the same kind of food without reference to appetite, or wear the same kind of apparel without reference to the shape of their body. Your ancestry, your temperament, your surrounding, will decide whether you go to this or that church, or adopt this or that policy. One church will best get one man heaven and another church another man. I do not care which one of the gates you go through, if you only go through one of the gates that Jesus lifted.

Looking at the one hundred and forty and four thousand and you cannot tell at what gate they came in. One Lord. One faith. One baptism. One glassy sea. One doxology. One triumph. One heaven. "Why, Luther, how did you get in?" "I came through the third gate." "Cranmer, how did you get in?" "I came through the eighth gate." "Adoniram Judson, how did you get through?" "I came through the seventh gate." "Hugh McKail, the martyr, how did you get through?" "I came through the twelfth gate." Glory to God, twelve gates, but one heaven!

In the third place, notice the points of the compass towards which these gates look. They are not on one side, or on two sides, or on three sides, but on four sides. This is no fancy of mine, but a distinct announcement. On the north three gates, on the south three gates, on the east three gates, on the west three gates. What does that mean? Why, it means that all nationalities are included, and it does not make any difference from what quarter of the earth a man comes up, if his heart is right, there is a gate open for him. On the north three gates. That means mercy for Lapland and Siberia, and Norway, and Sweden. On the south three gates. That means pardon for Hindostan, and Algiers, and Ethiopia. On the east three gates. That means salvation for China, and Japan, and Borneo. On the west three gates. That means redemption for America. It does not make any difference how dark-skinned or how pale-faced men may be, they will find a gate right before them.

Those plucked bananas under a tropical sun. These shot across Russian snows behind reindeer. From Mexican plateau, from Roman Campagna, from Chinese tea field, from Holland dyke, from Scotch highlands, they come, they come. Heaven is not a monopoly for a few precious souls. It is not a Windsor Castle for royal families. It is not a small town with small population, but John saw it and he noticed that an angel was measuring it, and then he measured it that, and whichever way he measured it, it was 1500 miles; so that Babylon and Thebes, and Tyre and Nineveh, and St. Petersburg and Canton, and Pekin and Paris, and London and New York, and all the dead cities of the past and all the living cities of the present, added together, would not equal the census of that great metropolis.

Walking along the street, you can, by the contour of the dress or of the face, guess where a man came from. You say: "That is a Frenchman; that is a Norwegian; that is an American." But the gates that gather in the righteous will bring them in irrespective of nationality. Foreigners sometimes get homesick. Some of the tenderest and most pathetic stories have been told of those who left their native clime and longed for it until they died. But the Swiss coming to the high residence of heaven, will not long any more for the Alps, standing in the eternal hills. The Russian will not long any more for the luxuriant harvest fields he left, now that he hears the hum and the rustle of the harvests of everlasting light. The royal ones from earth will not long to go back again to the earthly court, now that they stand in the palaces of the sun. Those who came from the land where the spice and oranges will not long to return, now that they stand under the trees of life that bear twelve manner of fruit.

While I speak an ever increasing throng is passing through the gates. They are going up from Senegambia, from Patagonia, from Madras, from Hong Kong. "What!" you say, "do you introduce all the heathen into glory?" I tell you the fact is, that the majority of the people in those climes die in infancy and the infants all go straight into eternal life, and so the vast majority of those who die in China and India, the vast majority of those who die in Africa, go straight into the skies—they die in infancy. One hundred and sixty generations have been born since the world was created, and so I estimate that there must be fifteen thousand million children in glory.

If at a concert 2,000 children sing, your recital is ruptured within you. O, the transport when fifteen thousand million little ones stand up in white before the throne of God, their chanting drawing out all the stupendous harmonies of Dusseldorf, and Leipsic, and Boston. Pour in through the twelve gates, O ye redeemed, banner lifted, rank after rank, saved battalion after saved battalion, until all the city of God shall hear the tramp, tramp. Crowd all the twelve gates. Room yet. Room on the thrones. Room in the mansions. Room on the river bank. Let the trumpet of invitation be sounded until all earth's mountains hear the shrill blast and the gorges shall let missionaries tell it in pagodas and colporteurs sound it across the Western prairies. Shout it to the Laplander on his swift sled; halloo it to the Bedouin careering across the desert. News! news! A glorious heaven and twelve gates to get to it! Hear it, O you thinly-blooded nations of eternal winter! on the north gates. Hear it, O you bronzed inhabitants panting under equatorial heats! on the south three gates.

But I notice when John saw these gates they were open—wide open. They will not always be so. After awhile heaven will have gathered up all its intended population and the children of God will have come home. Every crown taken. Every harp struck. Every throne mounted. All the glories of the universe harvested in the great garner. And heaven being made up, of course the gates will be shut. Austria in, and the first gate shut. Russia in, and the second gate shut. Italy in, and the third gate shut. Egypt in, and the fourth gate shut. Spain in, and the fifth gate shut. France in, and the sixth gate shut. England in, and the seventh gate shut. Norway in, and the eighth gate shut. Switzerland in, and the ninth gate shut. Hindostan in, and the tenth gate shut. Siberia in, and the eleventh gate shut. All the gates are closed but one.

Now, let America go in with all the islands of the sea and all other nations that have called on God. The captives are freed. The harvests are gathered. The nations all saved. The flashing splendor of this last pearl begins to move on its hinges. Let two mighty angels put their shoulders to the gate and heave it to with silvery clang. 'Tis done! It thunders! The twelfth gate shut!

Once more, I want to show you the gate-keeper. There is one angel at each one of these gates. You say that is right. Of course it is. You know that no earthly palace, or castle, or fortress, would be safe without a sentry pacing up and down by night and by day; and if there were no defenses before heaven, and the doors set wide open with no one to guard them, all the vicious of earth would go up after a while, and all the abandoned of hell would go up after a while; and heaven, instead of being a world of light, and joy, and peace, and blessedness, would be a world of darkness and horror.

So I am glad to tell you that while these twelve gates stand open to let a great multitude in, there are twelve angels to keep some people out. Robespierre cannot go through there, nor Hildebrand, nor Nero, nor any of the debauched of earth who have not repented of their wickedness. If one of these nefarious men who despised God should come to the gate, one of the keepers would put his hand on his shoulder and push him into outer darkness. There is no place in that land for thieves, and liars, and whoremongers, and defrauders, and all those who disgraced their race and fought against their God.

If a miser should get in there he would pull up the golden pavement. If a housebreaker should get in there he would set fire to the mansion. If a libertine should get in there he would whisper his abominations standing on the white coral of the sea-beach. Only those who are blood-washed and prayer-lipped will get through. O, my brother, if you should at least come up to one of the gates and try to get through, and you had not a pass written by the crushed hand of the Son of God, the gate-keeper would with one hand wither you forever!

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. Do you know what that password is? Here comes a crowd of souls up to the gate, and they say: "Let me in. Let me in. I was very useful on earth. I endowed colleges. I built churches, and was famous for my charities, and having done so many wonderful things for the world, now I come up to get my reward." A voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another great crowd comes up and they try to get through. They say: "We were highly honorable on earth, and the earth bowed very lowly before us. We were honored on earth, and now we come to get our honors in heaven," and a voice from within says, "I never knew you."

Another crowd advances and says: "We were very moral people on earth, very moral indeed, and we came up to get appropriate recognition." A voice answers: "I never knew you." After awhile I see another throng approach the gate and one seems to be spokesman for all the rest, though their voices ever and anon cry: "Amen! Amen!" This one stands at the gate and says: "Let me in. I was a wanderer from God. I deserve to die. I have come up to this place not because I deserve it but because I have heard that there is a saving power in the blood of Jesus."

The gate-keeper says: "That is the password, 'Jesus! Jesus!'" and they pass in and they surround the throne, and the cry is: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." O when heaven is all done and the troops of God shout, "The castle taken," how grand it will be if you and I are among them! Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city.

THE WESTERN FARMERS.

A Correspondent Discusses the Problem, and Points Out Some Errors.

EDITOR BLADE:—Your valuable paper of June 3 contains an editorial regarding what is termed the "hardships" of the farmers of the Great West, which would lead one, unacquainted with the facts, to condemn this Western country as unfit for habitation, for they would conclude one could not make a living, farming here. You say, quoting from the Chicago *Tribune*: "A grain commission firm in this city one day last week, remitted to a shipper in Nebraska just five cents per bushel on a consignment of corn." From this one would infer corn had no marketable value here, and the more a farmer raised the poorer he would become; and as Kansas raised 101,000,000 bushels of corn in 1884, (last agricultural report), her condition must indeed be deplorable.

For the sake of illustrating we will take Lincoln county, Kas., which, until this summer, had no railroad penetrating her rich prairies and valleys but one is now building through the county and as it has been 30 or 40 miles to a railroad, no county could be selected where lower prices would prevail. Last fall corn sold at 18 to 20 cents per bushel to stock men. The average for the county was 47 bushels of shelled corn per acre, (which includes sod corn, which is not filled.) Find the land been farmed as in the Eastern states, the yield would have been much larger. The ground is not plowed except in a minority of cases. Farmers use a lister, which scoops a furrow in the ground, only one-third of it being stirred at all, and at the same time plants the corn, and from seven to ten acres are listed in a day, and can be accomplished by a boy fifteen years of age as well as the most expert man.

A man and team will plant and tend from 50 to 75 acres of corn. Corn planting commences about April 10, and some farmers are still planting, and owing to beautiful fall weather may expect good crops. Our winter, which was unusually severe, did not commence until January 2, and lasted one month. Compare prices of land, price of corn and labor to produce it, with eastern prices, and the Kansas farmer is way ahead. Improved farms here sell from $15 to $20 per acre. Take the maximum price—if $20 per acre land produce 20-cent corn $100 per acre land must produce $1 per bushel corn to equalize the same profit on the investment, etc., pro rata.

This western country has been settled up by poor but enterprising people, who came here with no capital but energy and took up government land. To-day in a majority of cases they are comfortably well off and some quite wealthy. More people have been raised from poverty to comfortable circumstances in the states of Kansas and Nebraska in the last ten years than in any other ten to twenty combined states in the Union.

The many subscribers of your paper in Kansas feel that the natural inferences drawn from the article referred to should be corrected, for they well know the spirit of farmers that pervades your columns and that you would do nothing to detract from the great temperance state of Kansas.

Lincoln, Kan. N. B. WATERMAN.

—Every mother in the land should send her address on a postal card to Alpha Co., No. 139 St. Clair St., Toledo, Ohio.

Ducking the Teacher.

"My father once told of an instance where a teacher, refusing to treat on Christmas, was tied and ducked in a muddy pool, on which the ice had to be broken. He brought suit for damages against the parents of the boys, but the court rendered a verdict in favor of the defendants, holding that a universal custom was authority in law.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Where the Ten-Dollar Bills Went To.

A Massachusetts manufacturer, who employs 700 men in the small town where his factories are located, recently presented each man with a new $10 bill that he had previously marked for identification. The second day afterward 410 of these bills had been deposited in the various banks by saloon-keepers, and in consequence the workmen are said to have organized a temperance society.

He Humbly Apologized.

The most remarkable case of absent-mindedness on record was that of a prominent farmer living near Davisville, Cal., who actually forgot the day fixed for his marriage, and was compelled to offer the most humble apologies to his intended. To these, however, she lent a gracious ear, and the gentlemen, at her suggestion, now wears a string around his finger to remind him that the 23d of June has been fixed for the interesting event.

The Amenities of Travel.

Affable traveler to neighbor in railway car—"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr.—er—ah—" Quiet stranger—"My name is Moctzonetskiest Koroczoctother. I am a Pole." Affable stranger—"Yes: er—it isn't your name so much as your face; I was about to say your face was very familiar to me." Quiet stranger—"Yes, I have been in prison fourteen years. I was discharged this morning." Affable traveler keeps on traveling, but quits affabling.—*N. J. Burdette.*

Boy Lost.

Three years ago, after a tornado had devastated the farm of a Georgia farmer, he found a 2-year old boy among the shrubbery of his garden. No one claiming the waif, the farmer kept him and cared for him. Last summer the farmer took the boy with him into Mississippi, and then another tornado took the child, and he has never been heard of since.

THE ALPHAGRAFT

is the latest invention in optical toys. Instructive and amusing to every one—particularly children. A Kindergarten in every home. Send postal card for circular. Address ALPHA Co., 139 St. Clair St., Toledo, Ohio. Mention this paper.

GOLDEN BELT KANSAS,

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world; "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the state; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. Waterman Bros. & Adams, Lincoln, Kan.

GREAT MEDICAL PRACTICE.

DR. R. C. FLOWER, OF BOSTON—HIS EXTENSIVE PRACTICE

Both at Home and Abroad—Boiled Down Facts—Some Interesting Reading.

Boston Courier:

To write the biography of this distinguished physician in a few lines would be an impossibility; a leader in his profession and in every sense of the word, great; with a practice far excelling that of any of the old physicians of the earth, and yet he is a young man of but 36 years of age.

From the opening sentence of a little book published by Deland & Barta, of this city, and entitled "Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, Mass. Who he is. What he is doing. His miraculous cures. His work as a physician," we extract the following:

For some years Dr. R. C. Flower has startled the eastern world from time to time, by performing what have seemed miraculous or supernatural cures. One writer, in describing Dr. Flower's triumph in the sick room, says: "Sickness is a toy in his hands; in a most phenomenal way he sheds light into the darkened eye, life into the dying form, and robs the sick room of its sufferer, and coffin of its prey."

Dr. Flower has been called to consult over important and bad cases from the Rockies to the Chesapeake, from Canada to the Rio Grande. His greatest ability is seen in desperate cases, and his mightiest feats and most miraculous cures at the death-bed itself.

DR. FLOWER

is a young man, but 36 years of age, smooth face, medium size, very large head. He is a hard student, deep thinker, a man of remarkably quick perception and intuitional faculty, which are said to be marvellous.

Dr. Flower, by birth, is a Western man. He transferred his practice to the East some years ago, since when he has made a most remarkable record. To better describe the rise of his Eastern practice, we quote from the combined "History of Edwards, Lawrence and Wabash Counties of Illinois," published by J. S. McDonough & Co., of Philadelphia, which is a history of the English settlement of Southern Illinois, a settlement established by George Flower, of Stratford, England, (the grandfather of Dr. R. C. Flower.) We quote from pages 226 and 227, which is an extract from the Biographical History of the young doctor.

BIOGRAPHY.

"His practice drifted largely to the Eastward, and the doctor finally determined to move to the great cities of the East, where he could more successfully operate his almost supernatural healing powers. In accordance with his feelings, he sold out his institute, and transferred his practice to Philadelphia and New York. From this on his practice became very great. His cures were so numerous and phenomenal, that he became a wonder in the East. Always anxious to live in Boston, and many attractions drawing him to the Hub, he gave up his beautiful residence on Fifth avenue, New York, and transferred his practice in May, 1882, to the Athens of America.

"In Boston he built up a practice which is said by many to be the largest in the world. His offices are some distance from his residence, and under no circumstances will he mingle business with the pleasures of his home.

"A phenomenal feature in his practice is his method of diagnosing disease. He never asks a patient his trouble, but the instant he takes the hand of a sick patient, he tells most accurately the disease in all its ramifications. This phenomenal phase of his practice has brought to him thousands upon thousands of patients, and it is claimed that out of upwards of one hundred thousand examinations he has never made a mistake.

Dr. Flower has attained such a reputation in his profession that his opinion is sought in bad cases all over the world. His advice has brought him thousands of dollars in many instances. A big price, some will say. Yes, but it was the pivot upon which turned life and death—to follow it was to get well.

When the Rev. F. M. McSimmons, of Ontario, brought his wife to consult Dr. Flower for a lung and heart trouble, more than one physician having pronounced her incurable, he stated that he was very uneasy about his wife, and after the doctor had examined her, he would like to see if he had any troubles, as he so easily tired. "I can cure your wife," the doctor said, "but unless you have the best of treatment yourself you will live but a few months."

The Rev. McSimmons neither believed the statement that his wife could be cured, nor that his own life was in danger, but as a last chance he had his wife take treatment, saying that when she was cured he might attend to himself. In a few months she was well, as she is to-day, but alas, within the same short time the husband was laid beneath the sod.

The leading journals of the country have endorsed Dr. Flower as but few are endorsed. We make a few quotations as a sample of what hundreds of the daily and weekly journals have said:

"Dr. Flower is deeply engaged in his work, and the interest he takes in his patients are like unto that which a father takes in his children. He is especially noted for his candor in always telling his patients just what he thinks as regards their case."

His books show that at this time he has the following number of patients in the different states:

Maine 569, New Hampshire 619, Vermont 203, Massachusetts 3,196, Connecticut 1,481, Rhode Island 230, New Jersey 552, New York 1590, Pennsylvania 1434, Maryland 347, Delaware 86, Virginia 239, West Virginia 320, Ohio 1,401, Indiana 926, Kentucky 922, Tennessee 370, North Carolina 103, South Carolina 92, Georgia 216, Florida 297, Alabama 268, Mississippi 199, Louisiana 364, Arkansas 271, Texas 1,631, Indian Territory 32, Kansas 681, Missouri 622, Illinois 1,102, Michigan 1,166, Wisconsin 1,277, Minnesota 384, Iowa 1,072, Nebraska 414, Dakota 167, Colorado 432, Arizona 61, California 274, Nevada 50, Utah 211, Wyoming 136, Montana 68, Idaho 52, Oregon 61, Washington Territory 123.

Furthermore that during the last six years he has treated:

Of cancer cases	4,346
Cured	4,122
Lost	224

Over 3,900 of these had been pronounced incurable by other physicians.

Consumption	11,713
Cured	11,291
Lost	422

Over 10,000 of these had been pronounced incurable by other physicians.

Kidney and rheumatic diseases	28,957
Cured	28,566
Lost	391

Upwards of 22,000 of these had been pronounced incurable by other physicians.

Heart disease	6,400
Cured	6,183
Lost	217

Upwards of 5,500 of these had been pronounced incurable by other physicians.

Dropsy	2,272
Cured	2,172
Lost	100

Upwards of 1,800 of these had been pronounced incurable by other physicians.

Liver and stomach diseases	51,114
Cured	50,498
Lost	616

Upwards of 42,400 of these had been pronounced incurable by other physicians.

The table of facts show that while Dr. Flower does not cure all of his patients—and he does not pretend to—he cures such a large per cent. of the supposed incurable as to almost rob disease of its terror, and furthermore that if help cannot be had at his hands it it of but little use going elsewhere.

Those, however, who may wish to know more of this doctor and his cures will by sending a 2-cent stamp to Deland & Barta, 54 Pearl street, Boston, Mass., receive a copy of their publication, from which a portion of this article is extracted.

THE RED MASK.

There are, for many reasons, few diseases more to be dreaded than Erysipelas, and it has, not inaptly, been termed "St. Anthony's Fire." There is no disease which so completely deforms and disfigures the visage of the patient; and it may fairly be compared to a red mask

Thrown by a Mocking Demon

over the human face. It is almost as dangerous as it is repulsive. Arising from a variety of causes, running its course with pain—it often ends suddenly in death. The old system consisted of blood letting and the use of strong, drastic purgatives. The substance of the

BEST MODERN TREATMENT

is all contained in Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Use this, and you have taken the essential total of all the best physicians in the land could prescribe for Erysipelas. A case in point. Mr. S. B. Carpenter, of Grandville, N. Y., writes that he had for some time been afflicted with this disease in both legs, and has regained his health by the sole use of "Favorite Remedy."

PREPARED BY

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

is also sure in its action in all other diseases of the blood. The human system is a kind of machine. If one part is out of order the whole goes wrong. The blood in circulation is the mainspring. Keep this all right and you will not suffer from Kidney and Liver disorders, Piles and Constipation.

PREPARED BY

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. $1 a Bottle. 6 for $5.

She Died Happy.

Dr. Swan relates a very sad case of the ruling passion strong in death. I always believe a doctor's story, except in a case of cure. If the patient dies you never hear anything but the truth. If he lives the doctor has to find some explanation of the phenomenon. Doctors, of course, see a vast variety of human nature, and especially its weak side. This is a touching story of a young and fair girl, leaving the bright world while the dew of life was still lying on its morning glories. You can imagine the sadness of the scene. The growing certainty of the end—the passing beauty of the world—the bright vision of all the happiness and the joy—the heavy shadow hanging over all.

"It is hopeless," said the gentle doctor; "you cannot live."

"And must I die?" she asked.

"You cannot live."

"Tell me, doctor, one thing before I go."

"What is it?"

"Does the hair change color after death?"

"No."

"Then I die happy. I'll look as well as those Smith girls on the day of judgment, anyhow."

A Daniel Come to Judgment.

A country magistrate was hearing a case wherein he had had some previous knowledge of the facts in issue, and to complete the testimony on behalf of the plaintiff, he solemnly administered the oath to himself and told what he knew about the controversy, the defense, however, was well prepared, and the testimony which was given completely contradicted and annihilated that of the plaintiff. The magistrate in giving his opinion, commented at length on the testimony and in speaking of his own, said "the Court thought he knew something about the facts himself but after hearing the testimony of the defendants witnesses he was satisfied that the Court was a d—d liar," and he would render a judgment for the defendant.

Only a Question of Time.

"Doctor, how is Banker Jones? I heard that he was very sick."

"He has joined the innumerable caravan," said the physician, solemnly.

"What! You don't mean to say that Jones has skipped to Canada. Well! well!" *New York Sun.*

Publishers' Column.

TO ALL WHO GROW FRUITS.

For the accommodation of our patrons, hundreds of whom have asked for it, we have purchased a small edition of the most valuable book ever published for those who have fruit either in large or small quantities, Mrs. S. D. Powers's "Fruit Pastes, Syrups and Preserves."

It is a complete guide for fruit growers, showing how to put up all kinds, cheaply and well, and how to market and make profitable very much that has hitherto gone to waste. No book has ever been written on this subject that is so full, explicit and practical, and it will be found to be worth many times its cost to any housekeeper. It shows you how to save and preserve all kinds of fruits in the best and most marketable form, with a vast mass of other information on this and kindred subjects, which should be known in every household. We send it to any address, post-paid, on receipt of the publisher's price, 25 cents. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

TO ART STUDENTS

AND

THOSE DESIRING TO STUDY ART

THE TOLEDO

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

New Blade Building, Toledo, O.

A College for the education of pupils, male and female, in the various branches of drawing and oil and water-color painting, will commence its first session in the city of Toledo September 1, 1886, under the charge of

EDMUND H. OSTHAUS, PRINCIPAL,

AND

Amy R. Kirkpatrick, First Assistant Teacher.

Edmund Henry Osthaus was born in the Province of Hanover, in the Kingdom of Prussia, August 5, 1858, and in May, 1881, arrived for the first time in the United States. While in his minority he received a thorough education, not only in his native German language, but also in the English, French and Latin languages. Making drawings and inclining to the fine arts when still a small boy, he entered upon the full course of study at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Dusseldorf, when 17 years of age, from which he graduated with honors in 1880. During his seven years' course at this academy he became, from his great natural talents, singularly proficient in every branch of the fine arts, a most thorough student, and has thus become thoroughly qualified him for the position of principal in the most rigid Academy of Fine Arts.

There is no location in the United States so well adapted to the establishment of an Academy of the Fine Arts as Toledo, the climate is particularly healthy, her citizens are devoted to art, there being many fine collections in private houses, and the Academy of Design, composed of the Vincennes collection, formerly in Chicago. The city is at the head of Lake Erie, which furnishes unequalled facilities for receiving from nature, No city in the country has better society, and the cost of living is very low. Pupils can live better and at less expense in Toledo than in any point in the United States.

Especially is this institute favorably situated for young ladies' pupils. Board can be secured at low rates in private families, where young ladies can live with the same security as at their homes, and enjoy introduction into the best society—an advantage that cannot be too highly estimated.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

will be thorough, and will embrace everything calculated to develop and make of use the natural talent the pupil may possess. Prof. Osthaus, the principal, and Miss Kirkpatrick, the assistant, have both been educated in the severest schools of art, and the same rigid training they received will be practiced in the school. It is intended to make this the best, the most thorough and practical School of Art upon the continent.

CATALOGUES,

Giving full information of School and Gallery of Paintings, Terms, etc., with an instructive engraving which should be read by every Art Pupil in the United States, will be issued about the middle of July, and sent free to any one on application.

This Academy, with its corps of teachers, fullness in equipment, large collection of paintings and superior advantages in every respect, offers unsurpassed advantages to the pupil in art. Address all communications to

D. KNIGHT CARTER, Actuary.

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"THE LONG RUN," A New NOVEL By ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND

Never has there been a Book so eagerly and anxiously waited for as this. Miss Cleveland's Novel. Every prominent paper has for weeks heralded its coming. The story is one of intense interest. Over the varied experience of the author adds unusual charm to the description of Character, Country Life, City Life, and love. Being the first and only story ever written by a sister of the White House, will make it unique, and of unusual interest to every American. Send $1.00 for outfit and sample copy. Address

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ECZEMA, PILES, ITCHING PILES Run Round, Salt Rheum, Sore Eyes, Sores on Children, Sore Lips, Old Sores, Ulcers and Dog Bite; all **POSITIVELY CURED by WING'S OINTMENT.** It is also taken and cures Palpitation of the Heart and Weak Lungs. Remit stamps. Mailed as 20c. a box; 6 boxes, $1. THEODORE WING, Plainfield, Conn.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER

Richly Illustrated. Established 1881. The July number contains nearly 200 advertisements of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents, also PORTRAITS OF FOUR LADY ADVERTISERS, a new feature never before attempted by any similar paper. Subscription price only 15c. in plain wrapper, 10c. extra. Address HEART AND HAND, Chicago, Ill.

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L. S. L.

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"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
J. W. KILBRETH, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
A. BALDWIN,

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

A TRUE HEROISM.

I am going to tell a little story.

It is a homely one—perhaps you will say that is hardly worth the telling, but it taught me a lesson of hope and faith and patience that can never pass from my memory.

In the land that lies toward the setting sun, upon a rugged mountain side, rests a low-browed log cabin, the only one in a circuit many miles in circumference. The granite cliff rises abruptly at its back hundreds and thousands of feet, clothed part way up with the low-growing evergreen, and then as if it had shot out of its garments, it is bare and bold, only when it can woo a friendly cloud to cover its nakedness.

This mountain is one of a cluster that are gathered closely together, as if seeking companionship, and so the little log cabin is completely shut away from the outer world. There is but one single link that holds it, with its occupants, to the great mass of humanity beyond. A stage route to a wonder region that draws many sight-seers, winds by the very door, and then, almost in a moment, is lost to view in the curves necessary to take it over and beyond to the next mountain, and the next, till it ends where the forces of Nature have seemed to combine to produce all that is grand and marvelous. The stage passes but twice a week through the summer months, but when winter comes with its great snow-drifts, the little cabin is only a solitary speck in a vast waste, and its inmates are as absolutely alone as if they were the only human creatures of the Infinite.

One day in the past, the stage broke down only a short distance away, and the passengers were obliged to amuse themselves as best they might through two or three hours of waiting. I wandered to the house and reached the low doorway, over which the vines were climbing in a sort of straggling, half discouraged way, as if they felt the desolation of life in that wilderness.

A woman rose to meet me as I entered. I wish I could tell you just how she impressed me. It was almost as if her spirit stood naked before my sight, so thin and frail was the body, so strong and sweet and clear the light which shone forth from the eyes that smiled a greeting. I do not know how she was dressed. Doubtless, seen upon the streets of a city, she would have presented a strange appearance. There, clothes seemed to have little to do with her personality.

In a sweet voice, and with a grace that comes from a gentle heart and not from social training, she offered me the one easy chair in the homely room, and then, as if she had longed for a listener, she began to talk. I cannot describe to you the quality of her voice, which went straight to my my heart as she spoke. There was a trace of tears running through its tones, but with it what seemed almost an exultant ring, a combination that made her words wonderfully effective.

"Yes," she said, in answer to my question, "I've lived here nigh on to fifteen years. I wasn't much more than a girl when we came, Jim and I. You see my folks didn't want us to marry, but Jim loved me and I loved him—how much you may know when I tell you that I've never been sorry, even though I've lived here away from my father, mother, brothers and sisters, upon this mountain, where sometimes we don't see a human face, besides our own, for weeks upon weeks.

"Do I ever get lonesome? I used to years ago, when Jim went away and was gone for a day or two. You can't imagine what it is to feel yourself all alone among these mountains, not a single human being within miles and miles of you. I got over that after a while though, for I found that the whole mountain was alive with the creatures God had put here to live just as He had me. You can't believe how they talk to you, in their way, if you only listen. I can tell all their voices now, for I hear them just as plain as I do yours.

"Am I ever afraid? No, why should I be? Up there is a gun that Jim taught me how to use, if I ever need to, but it's a long time since I've taken it down. Sometimes, away off on the edge of the woods, I see a black bear, but they don't seem to mind me any more than I do them, and as for the rest, tramps never come around here. There is nothing to bring them, you know.

"No, I've never been back to the old home since we came away, and now, with father and mother both gone, and the family scattered, I don't care to. I used to be awful hungry to see them for the first few years, but I've learned to wait—twon't be for long—till we all get yonder, where they'll know how it was and won't blame me for what happened. I suppose it might have been better if we hadn't come away off up here, but Jim thought he had bought a claim to a gold mine that would make us rich, so we could go back in a way that would make them glad to see us. It didn't turn out so, at least it hasn't yet, and it is borne in upon me that it never will, though he won't let me say a word of that kind. He goes up there every morning and works until night, and he don't get any nearer his idea. It's this waiting and hoping and expecting which all comes to nothing, that is so hard to bear. Years ago I used to get impatient and say cross things to Jim, but by and by, I got tired of that—just as you you know, to care for each other, and when I saw how determined he was, I gave up, and left him to do as he liked.

"It was very hard for me when I heard mother was dead. I just set here alone all day and thought and watched the sunshine, that didn't seem like sunshine, creep over the floor, and oh, how slow it moved. I never shed a tear till Jim came at night and took me in his arms and held me just as if I'd been a baby. After I had my cry out, he told me to look over yonder where you see that hollow between the two mountains, and there, just as if it were framed in on purpose, was a great, beautiful star, that I'd never seen in that place before. Jim asked me if I didn't think it was mother's spirit shining there to comfort me, and it really seemed as if it was, and I've never lost that thought. I suppose its foolish, but now when I get lonesome or discouraged, I just look over there, and whether it is the sunshiny blue sky in the day time, or the star at night, I always feel as if Heaven and mother were not very far away.

"Do I ever get discontented? Well, I suppose I'm like other women who have to live so different from what they hoped to when they were young. Sometimes, I feel as if I should be glad when I was through feeding the chickens and the pigs, milking the cow, and getting breakfast, dinner and supper, never going anywhere and never seeing anybody, but then I know its my duty to stay by Jim, so I stop thinking about what can't be, and just be thankful for what I've got. It isn't much to speak of, to be sure, besides Jim, but when I see how he loves me I think I'm rich. I dream sometimes about the old days at home when I was a child, but that seems a long time ago, almost as if it twas another life I'd lived before this one.

"Its all right, I guess. Things mostly are, if we only learn to look at them as God meant we should. I think perhaps I'd been happier if I had only had some children to look after and love, but then you see there would have been the educating of them, which we couldn't have done very well, so its best as it is. There is only one thing that troubles me now, and that is, if it should happen that I go away first, what will become of Jim? Men can't manage as women can alone.

"Yes'm, the stage is ready. I've talked to you a good deal, but when you've been alone as much as I have, you will find how you long to tell some one what's on your mind. It isn't complaining you know, for I've really nothing to complain of, but I get tired sometimes of just thinking, thinking, thinking, and no one to say a word to about it. I don't tell Jim for fear he'd imagine I'm unhappy, when I've never dreamed of such a thing. Good bye. That stage breaking down right here has given me a sight of pleasure."

And so I left her. Looking back just as we turned a curve in the road, I saw her standing there looking after us, shading her eyes with her hand, the one living human being in sight beside ourselves. The next moment she was hidden from view, and the solitude in which she had lived for so many years had settled down around her once more. I could not forget her, however, the brave eyes out of which shown the spirit that had evidently fought fierce battles with its own cravings, and conquered, but at the expense of the frail body. No one save the Infinite could know with what sore pain and anguish she had stilled the longing of the heart, whose tendrils reached back to the home circle she had left; none could tell how hard it had been to crush out her hopes and ambitions to become, not a sour, discontented woman, but one full of a serene patience that seemed to me to have attained sublimity. And since then, when it has been within me to murmur at my lot, my thoughts fly back to that desolate creature in the cabin on the mountain side, looking at the star that symbolizes her mother and whispers of faith in the eternal future, while she waits for Jim to come from his toil home to his supper.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sofa Pillow Corner.—Where a handsome sofa pillow is used a great deal, it gets century after century to the eighty society by throwing all the blame and punishment on woman, without restraint or censure for the vices of man, has proved a failure, and always will be a failure, until man is made to bear his just share of condemnation. Until purity and chastity is as carefully taught to the young of one sex, as to the other, this great sin will flourish in our midst.—S. M. P.

MORE ABOUT SILK CULTURE.—This new and rising industry is only in its infancy, and when the people can be aroused to an interest in the vocation of silk culture as they are in the raising of some new cereal, not till then will its merits be considered.

Here is an industry that the weaker portions of mankind can earn quite a competence yearly, as they can raise two crops a year at silk culture, and in the short period of six weeks, as the silk worm matures and passes into another existence, for after it attains its growth it winds itself up in its cocoon, finishes its labor of spinning and lies dormant for a few days, and then cuts out a passage and comes out a moth, unless it is first smothered in the cocoon for the manufacture of silk.

Very many questions are asked by my correspondents—how do you keep the worms through the winter? to which I have made these foregoing remarks in order to give them a proper idea of how the silk worm is raised. And now, right here, I will give you brief method of instruction. First you get some eggs. Have ready a stove in a room; hang up a thermometer, keep it about 75 degrees; will not hurt if it runs up to 80 degrees, but keep as even a temperature as you can; then spread out the eggs on a cloth—as I think that is best, as it helps to keep them warm—and keep up an even heat, and in about from four to six days they will hatch, if the eggs are good.

These same worms lives, if fed good, about six weeks, or from 30 to 50 days, when they begin spinning, and that is what you don't understand, and you have never seen any. A person forms very erroneous ideas in regard to the spinning part, or at least I did. It will, when ready to work, refuse to eat, and will crawl away by itself, and begin to fasten itself to something, and will throw out little webs of silk like guys, and after it has found the place secure to something (for it is very particular where it makes its house(then it will begin making its cocoon or house. It will begin at one end and make a little cone-like shaped place and keep backing up till the whole shape is completed, very much the shape of a good-sized peanut and very much the color, only lighter and prettier, but my little boys said often while gathering them, "Oh, ma, what nice looking peanuts these are! Let's roast some!" We cooked them, but not in the oven. We steamed them, but not to eat, but sold them to the Woman's Silk Culture Association for $1.15 per pound. I have tried to find something that will pay better than silk culture, but I have failed to find it. With so little money invested, and again my little boys can work at this, and at many other kinds of labor it would be too hard for them, and I would say to ladies who have a small income, if you have a good for silk worms, that is to say, orange or mulberry, you can, with the help of children, do a good deal towards supporting your families by raising silk worms. We only bought a few to experiment with and find it quite remunerative and pleasant.—MRS. C. V. BROWN, Boy's Industrial School, Lancaster, Ohio.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—A burn is caused by the application of dry heat; a scald by hot steam or water. Burns are of three kinds: First, simple or superficial, where only the epidermis is injured; second, where the burn extends into the flesh and facia muscles and tendons; third, where it extends through to the bone. The danger from a burn depends upon the amount of surface covered than upon the depth or severity. The first pain from a burn can be relieved by using common baking soda, or the bicarbonate of soda, powdered dry over the surface. Or a saturated solution of the soda may be made and strips of cloth be wrung from the solution and laid over the burn. The strips should be kept on from a half hour to two hours, or until the intensity of the suffering is relieved. Renew them whenever they become dry. Afterward, if the burn is a large one, use an absorbent dressing made by covering gauze with ointment or soft grease. Apply to the burn and cover with absorbent cotton held in place by a bandage. This makes a clean dressing where pus, suppuration follows the injury, as the cotton absorbs the pus and secretions and keeps the surface clean. Another dressing, which is much used where there is a large surface burned, consists of equal parts of lime water and linseed oil, and is called carron oil. Strips of cloth should be wrung out of this and applied, covering with oiled silk or paper, and held in place with a bandage, or a towel pinned closely around the part. But there is no dressing so soothing and at the same time healing as the Balm of Gilead salve. Apply it the same as the carron oil, renewing once in 24 hours. Scalds may be treated the same as burns; sweet oil, vaseline, cream and whites of eggs, all form excellent dressings for burns and scalds. The chief object of all is to relieve the pain by excluding the air.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

RAISING PIGS.—I have read with much interest all the articles that have appeared in the BLADE on the subject of woman's work. One thing I have been in hopes some one would speak of, and that is feeding pigs. "Oh, my!" some will say, "No lady would feed pigs." I presume not, but a woman may, with just as much dignity and self-reliance as is required to do any other work and I know from experience that it is not very hard work. You can hire the pigs cleaned and built and all the hard part, the same as in raising chickens, or small fruit. They must be fed regularly, and not over fed.

I always prefer feeding the pigs to milking the cows. I have seen women who have been left widows, and had cows, pigs, chickens, etc., a good chance to become independent in a few years, sell everything and move to town and take in washing. If they had stayed on the farm and worked as hard for themselves as they did for other people in town, and as you say "put some brains in their work," they could have been independent. But as the lady in the BLADE a few weeks ago said, it is about as they have been trained. The boys of the past generations have had all of the financial training, and then if the girls wanted any business transacted, they must hamper themselves with a "husband."—ELIZA.

Inquiries

Will some kind sister please tell me of some quick-growing vine to plant around my front porch? It is a long, old-fashioned one. Have tried convolvulus, but their vines are so rough.—MRS. KATE FILLINGER, Dana, Ind.

Will some one give a recipe for killing ants on peonies, also for killing lice on chickens?—A READER OF THE BLADE.

Please give recipe for making soap with concentrated lye.—MOLLIE T.

Is there not among the numerous readers of the BLADE some lady or an invalid lady, or some one having an invalid child that would like a young lady as nurse and companion or to do plain sewing? Wages not so much of an object as a good home. —C. H. K., North Williston, Chittenden county, Vt., Box 11.

Will some of the BLADE readers send me a few castor beans?—Address Box 113, Clarence, Mo.

Will E. N. S., to help another sister who wishes to follow your example in caring for her family, send through the BLADE your recipes for bread making, particularly salt rising? I would thank you very much, as I need it to do the work.—A CONSTANT READER OF THE BLADE.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what will remove the stain on muslin, caused by hot rhubarb juice? I tried putting on ripe tomatoes, and afterwards washed and boiled in suds and spread on grass in the sun, yet it failed to remove the stain. Has any one an experience with brass bird cages? Are they healthy for birds, and are they easily cleaned, I mean kept bright?—HAT.

Please let me step in long enough to ask my HOUSEHOLD friends about setting eggs. Is there any way to tell whether an egg will hatch or not? One of my neighbor women says she looks through the egg, and can tell the earliest eggs for roosters. She had 50 chickens come off the other day, every one a rooster. She says they get their growth quicker than the pullets, and she can get them on the market sooner. Now she is setting for pullets. She says she never missed in telling them yet. I should like to hear other's opinion on the matter, as it is a new one to me.—MRS. G. W.

In a late issue I read a letter from a Texas teacher in which she or he commends the word method for beginners in grammar. I would like an explanation of it. What shall I give small scholars to keep them busy during school hours? Will some one please answer?—TEACHER.

If any of the BLADE readers know of a middle-aged couple, or mother and grown son, who are temperate and industrious in their habits and willing to make themselves generally useful in house and farm work, where they can have a home and opportunity of pecuniary advancement in a rapidly improving country, with additional remuneration for their services in an interest in the ranch, they may obtain further particulars by addressing F. HUNTER, Comfort, Kendall county, Texas.

Will some one inform me if I can get the portraits of some of the noted women of our country? I mean cheap portraits, similar to that of Gen. Grant's, that is sent with the BLADE. I can transfer and paint pictures on glass. I have painted and framed the portrait of Grant, and would so much like to have the portrait of Mrs. Grant, or any of our country's noted women. If any such pictures can be obtained please tell me where, and price of them.—MOLLIE COOPER, Pittsburg, Hickory county, Mo.

I came near forgetting to inquire about the pillow inhaler for catarrh. I would like to know where they can be procured, as I have it badly.—MRS. A. R. S.

Answers to Inquiries.

If "Letitia" will make catnip tea and steam the bunion over it two or three times daily for two weeks, I think she will find relief. I used one thus about eight years ago, and have not been troubled with it since. To paint the bunion with iodine will relieve it for the time but not cure it. —GRACE.

I want to tell the readers of the HOUSEHOLD how to prevent layer cake from adhering to the pan: First, grease your pan thoroughly with lard (not butter); then cut a paper to fit the bottom of the pan, lay it in the pan and grease it, and you will have no more trouble.—MRS. DR. H. E. W. BAKER, Shackburg, Ia.

One of your correspondents asks how long one must use carbolic acid to cure bunions. That will depend on ease and care. The older a bunion is the longer it may take, and it will take some time at any rate. Patience and perseverance will conquer—of that I am sure. Why won't some one send directions for making hair watch guards, and oblige us that wish to know? —MAGGIE A. MARK.

Please tell the one who inquired to try spirits of turpentine for bunions, or enlargement of the great toe joint. I tried it and the soreness is all gone. Please report if it cures it. Also for neuralgia use cloths wet out of hot water as hot as can be borne.—BERENIE.

"Reader," first find out where your fleas originate, generally under the floor in the dust, there sprinkle lime and burn red pepper.—AUNT MATTIE.

I have been troubled with red ants for years and have tried everything I heard of and thought of. At last I put paper wet with kerosene oil in the closet and they will not come near it.—IDA LOOMIS, Platville, Wis.

In reply to W. H. Hanson who inquired after an itch remedy, would say take of equal parts of fresh lard, kerosene and sulphur; apply every second night. Pay strict attention to keeping body clean. I guarantee a cure.—REV. L. A. DUGGER.

MRS. G. H. D. wants a sure cure for tapeworm, and here is one: Take three ounces of the seeds of the common pumpkins; bruise them in a mortar and add cold water and beat or rub them, till by pressure and straining, they yield eight ounces. Give the above in the morning—the patient fasting—and follow in two or three hours with a full dose of castor oil. Cold water for drink, but no food allowed till after the operation of the medicine.—A. B. M., Wagon Works.

Mattie Neville asks in the BLADE of May 27 for directions for making the twisted stripe in mittens. I have both the twisted and bratded stripe. To make the twisted, take six stitches; take the first three off on a darning needle, knit the other three, then slip those on the darning needle back on the knitting needle and knit. Will some one send through the HOUSEHOLD directions for crocheting some pretty lace?—AGNES ROBINSON, Mich.

Did any of the readers ever try charcoal for removing taint in meats? I have, and found it excellent. I simply put a large piece in the pot when I boil the meat, and no one would ever suspect that it had been tainted.—EMBONPOINT.

Recipes.

Hints—Pound cake baked in waffle irons is delicious. The square shape is prettiest.

Make a dough the same as for yeast powder biscuit, omitting the lard. Roll ¼ inch thick, cut in small diamonds and fry as you do Saratoga chips in very hot lard. Nice for breakfast with maple syrup.

Take 1-3 each of ripe, half-ripe and green tomatoes, cut fine, remove seeds; allow ¾ lb. or 1 lb. sugar to 1 lb. fruit; let stand one-half hour, them simmer slowly until done, when you remove from fire, add the lemons, which have been boiled until rind is clear in a separate kettle.

Cut the heart out of a large cabbage, stuff with chicken or any kind of cold meat, tie in a cloth and steam 3 hours.—MRS. N. A. G., Forestville, Cal.

We have found a teaspoonful of wheat flour wet with a little cold water better than magnesia for a sour stomach.

A teaspoonful of corn meal put into salt risings made in the usual way will often make good bread out of flour that will not rise without. Try it.—MEG MERRILES.

For Piles—Insert into the anus each night, on going to bed, a piece of Castile soap. If you have them bad it will smart, but persevere and it will cure you.

To Prevent Quinsy.—Wear a narrow band of black silk around the neck continually.

For Itch.—Melt 1 cupful of lard; when hot stir in ¼ of a cupful of sulphur; stir till cold; anoint all over, three nights in succession, heating in by a weak fire; fourth night, wash off in a good warm suds, and put on clean clothes; wash or smoke with sulphur, all the clothes and bedding worn while you had the itch, and it will not trouble you more; but unless you are very thorough in the cleansing you may expect to keep the disease.

To Rid Birds of Mites.—Give your bird a bath; if he will bathe in water, all right; if not, fill the bottom of the cage with dry sand; let it remain one-half hour, then let the bird out into a room and thoroughly wash the cage with kerosene, fill every place with the oil, then hold over the fire till warm; wipe well and hang out in the air an hour or two; scald the perches and you have no more mites.—XENOPE.

To Destroy Cabbage Worms.—Take black pepper and grind fine, sprinkle over your cabbage, will destroy worms and also lice. —A. B. C.

White Paint.—One gill boiled linseed oil, zinc, white, stirred in until it is as thick as sour cream. One tablespoonful Japan dryer, such as painters use, mix well and apply to stamping pattern with stiff brush. Wind twine around the bristles of a small brush to within one inch of the end and use. Always clean the pattern and brush immediately after using with benzine or gasoline. Paint should dry well before the pattern is worked. If these directions are carefully followed the stamping will always be satisfactory. Should paint dry up after being mixed several months add a little more oil and it is ready for use.

Correspondence.

KEEPING COMPANY.—There has been so much written on this subject that I fear I am intrusive in venturing to offer my views on the question. While I agree with Dr. E. in so far that I have never heard the phrase "keeping company" used except in a few rather primitive country villages and neighborhoods, yet the practice has prevailed in every community in which I have ever resided, and within proper limits it is surely a harmless phase of social intercourse. It is only the fact that too many young men have grossly abused the confidence thus placed in their honor that has given rise to the growing suspicion with which it is regarded. The man who will even attempt to bring sorrow and shame into the house where he is welcomed as a friend and guest, violates the most sacred social and moral obligations, yet society is everywhere infested by these "moral lepers." Where a young lady receives the calls of gentlemen and entertains them with music, conversation or some amusing game, until a reasonable hour (not allowing the call into the next day) there can surely be no reasonable objection, but where the couple sit with rigidly closed doors, perhaps side by side, with clasped hands, and with the light burning dimly it may not always be innocent, but however that may be no young girl should thus allow herself to be caressed, thus familiarly handled by any man, even though engaged. If no greater harm comes of it, she is destroying that virginal, shrinking, instinctive modesty in her own heart, which is usually a girl's strongest safeguard against insult or temptation.

Perhaps some will deem this too severe, and think that an engagement justifies almost any degree of familiarity between the two parties, yet if a girl will only think how many engagements are broken off, she will surely see that it is too uncertain a thing to rely on where her self-respect is involved, and besides it is almost always under cover of an engagement that a respectable girl is brought to shame. Perhaps it is too much to say that men frequently draw girls into an engagement for the sole purpose of thus effecting their ruin; but their eagerness to abandon their victims, and the too evident reluctance with which they fulfil their promises when circumstances compel them to do so gives plausibility to the assertion. "Practical" says that in such cases the girl is scarcely ever the tempter, and I agree with her that rarely, if ever, has a girl knowingly tempted a man to her own destruction, but ignorantly and unconsciously they have doubtless done so, and why? Not because they are impelled by unchaste desires, but because the hearts of too many young men are so given over to licentiousness that any familiarity or any show of preference arouses their passions and they will resort to any falsehood or duplicity to attain the object of their desire.

However, I am not blaming girls for tempting men, but for allowing themselves to be tempted by men. I think I see the girls who reads this line turn away with scorn and disgust, saying "I would never forget my honor and self-respect under any circumstances," but let them remember that all are formed alike of flesh and blood. By relying over-much on their own rectitude people often forget the necessity of shunning evil associations, and here is found the greatest evil of "keeping company"—in careless and promiscuous association.

Let a young lady come into a community where she is a stranger, and girls are ready to ask "Who is she?" "Where did she come from?" "What do you know or what have you heard about her?" If they were equally diligent about hunting up the record of young men before admitting them into the social circle, we should not so frequently hear of forgers, horsethieves and other criminals, with three, four, or even a dozen "wives" in different cities and towns. Or be shocked with other, if possible, more revolting scandals. One cause of this may be found in the petty vanity which causes girls to aspire to the reputation of "being popular," "receiving a great deal of attention," etc. Those actuated by such motives should seriously consider the fact that notoriety is not fame. Also in this case, as in every other, "one lion is better than many foxes," the society of one honest, pure minded man more desirable than the admiration of a moonful of dudes and mashers.

But another reason is found in the fact that girls are so dependent on young men for their social pleasures, and the temptation to accept an escort to some place of amusement without scrutinizing his character very closely, is sometimes very great. Yet a girl had better stay at home and read or practice, or make rick-rack or crazy patch work, than appear in the most brilliant assemblage with a man whose reputation may be such as to cast a shadow on her own. Unfortunately, this is the alternative too often presented, for there are so many refined young ladies and not an equal number of young men whose records are clean. What "Practical" says about masculine virtue, is very true. For century after century to the eighty society by throwing all the blame and punishment on woman, without restraint or censure for the vices of man, has proved a failure, and always will be a failure, until man is made to bear his just share of condemnation. Until purity and chastity is as carefully taught to the young of one sex, as to the other, this great sin will flourish in our midst.—S. M. P.

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Very many questions are asked by my correspondents—how do you keep the worms through the winter? to which I have made these foregoing remarks in order to give them a proper idea of how the silk worm is raised. And now, right here, I will give you brief method of instruction. First you get some eggs. Have ready a stove in a room; hang up a thermometer, keep it about 75 degrees; will not hurt if it runs up to 80 degrees, but keep as even a temperature as you can; then spread out the eggs on a cloth—as I think that is best, as it helps to keep them warm—and keep up an even heat, and in about from four to six days they will hatch, if the eggs are good.

These same worms lives, if fed good, about six weeks, or from 30 to 50 days, when they begin spinning, and that is what you don't understand, and you have never seen any. A person forms very erroneous ideas in regard to the spinning part, or at least I did. It will, when ready to work, refuse to eat, and will crawl away by itself, and begin to fasten itself to something, and will throw out little webs of silk like guys, and after it has found the place secure to something (for it is very particular where it makes its house(then it will begin making its cocoon or house. It will begin at one end and make a little cone-like shaped place and keep backing up till the whole shape is completed, very much the shape of a good-sized peanut and very much the color, only lighter and prettier, but my little boys said often while gathering them, "Oh, ma, what nice looking peanuts these are! Let's roast some!" We cooked them, but not in the oven. We steamed them, but not to eat, but sold them to the Woman's Silk Culture Association for $1.15 per pound. I have tried to find something that will pay better than silk culture, but I have failed to find it. With so little money invested, and again my little boys can work at this, and at many other kinds of labor it would be too hard for them, and I would say to ladies who have a small income, if you have a good for silk worms, that is to say, orange or mulberry, you can, with the help of children, do a good deal towards supporting your families by raising silk worms. We only bought a few to experiment with and find it quite remunerative and pleasant.—MRS. C. V. BROWN, Boy's Industrial School, Lancaster, Ohio.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—A burn is caused by the application of dry heat; a scald by hot steam or water. Burns are of three kinds: First, simple or superficial, where only the epidermis is injured; second, where the burn extends into the flesh and facia muscles and tendons; third, where it extends through to the bone. The danger from a burn depends upon the amount of surface covered than upon the depth or severity. The first pain from a burn can be relieved by using common baking soda, or the bicarbonate of soda, powdered dry over the surface. Or a saturated solution of the soda may be made and strips of cloth be wrung from the solution and laid over the burn. The strips should be kept on from a half hour to two hours, or until the intensity of the suffering is relieved. Renew them whenever they become dry. Afterward, if the burn is a large one, use an absorbent dressing made by covering gauze with ointment or soft grease. Apply to the burn and cover with absorbent cotton held in place by a bandage. This makes a clean dressing where pus, suppuration follows the injury, as the cotton absorbs the pus and secretions and keeps the surface clean. Another dressing, which is much used where there is a large surface burned, consists of equal parts of lime water and linseed oil, and is called carron oil. Strips of cloth should be wrung out of this and applied, covering with oiled silk or paper, and held in place with a bandage, or a towel pinned closely around the part. But there is no dressing so soothing and at the same time healing as the Balm of Gilead salve. Apply it the same as the carron oil, renewing once in 24 hours. Scalds may be treated the same as burns; sweet oil, vaseline, cream and whites of eggs, all form excellent dressings for burns and scalds. The chief object of all is to relieve the pain by excluding the air.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

RAISING PIGS.—I have read with much interest all the articles that have appeared in the BLADE on the subject of woman's work. One thing I have been in hopes some one would speak of, and that is feeding pigs. "Oh, my!" some will say, "No lady would feed pigs." I presume not, but a woman may, with just as much dignity and self-reliance as is required to do any other work and I know from experience that it is not very hard work. You can hire the pigs cleaned and built and all the hard part, the same as in raising chickens, or small fruit. They must be fed regularly, and not over fed.

I always prefer feeding the pigs to milking the cows. I have seen women who have been left widows, and had cows, pigs, chickens, etc., a good chance to become independent in a few years, sell everything and move to town and take in washing. If they had stayed on the farm and worked as hard for themselves as they did for other people in town, and as you say "put some brains in their work," they could have been independent. But as the lady in the BLADE a few weeks ago said, it is about as they have been trained. The boys of the past generations have had all of the financial training, and then if the girls wanted any business transacted, they must hamper themselves with a "husband."—ELIZA.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; s t o, throw thread over; n, bind; sl, slip; sk, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; de st, double chain stitch; ct st, cluster stitched crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Silk Mitts—Mrs. E. M. Rose want a pretty pattern for knitting silk mitts. I will send mine. I have the leaf for the centre of the back and put the other on each side of it, the first is complete in 4 rounds, and the leaf in 12. Repeat the first three times while knitting the leaf through once. The leaf is composed of 9 stitches, with three purl stitches between it and the other pattern.

Cast on 9 stitches—1st row—knit 1—slip next one over the one knit o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—s l—k 1—pass slip stitch over; 2nd row—knit plain; 2d row—k 2—slip next one over last one knit—k 7—s 1—k 1—pass s stitch over—k 1; 4th row—k 2—slip next one over last one knit—k 5—s 1—k 1—pass slip stitch over—k 1. Repeat from first round.

Leaf Pattern—1st row—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 3; 2nd row—k 3; 3d row—k 2—o—k 1—o—k 4—n—p 3; 4th row—k 3—n—p 3; 5th row—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 3—n—p 3; 6th row—k 8—n—p 3; 7th row—k 4—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—p 3; 8th row—k 8—n—p 3; 9th row—k 5—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—p 3; 10th row—k 8—n—p 3; 11th row—k 6—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—p 3; 12th row—k 8—n—p 3. Repeat from first row. —MRS. BELLE SMITH, Pierceville, Finney county, Kan.

Insertion.—Very pretty and easy to knit. Cast on 16 stitches. 1st row—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 12—tto 2—p 2 tog; 2d row—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 6—tto 4 times—slip the 2d, 3d and 4th stitches on the left needle over the first stitch on the same needle—n—k 1—tto 2—p 2 tog; 3d row—tto 2—p 2 tog—k 3—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 6—tto 2—p 2 tog. Repeat.

Will some one please send directions for knitting diamond insertion and wheat-head lace? Does Miss Bouton's book contain lace patterns?—M. S., Iowa.

It does and very pretty ones. Send 25 cents and get one.—ED.

Pretty Crocheted Lace.—Make 22 chain, 1 treble (thread over once) in 10th stitch from hook, 2 chain, 1 treble in 13th stitch, 2 chain, treble in 16th, 2 chain, treble in 19th, 2 chain, treble in last; 2nd row—ch 5, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 5 chain, 10 trebles in last chain; 3rd row—3 chain, 1 treble in each of 10, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble in third stitch of chain; 4th row—5 chain, treble on treble, 5 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on treble, 2 chain, treble on each of 10, and 1 in 3 chain at end; 1st row of next scallop—8 chain, treble between 3rd and 4th trebles, 2 chain, treble between 5th and 6th, 2 chain, treble between 7th and 8th, 2 chain, treble in last treble; repeat from second row.

Correspondence.

KEEPING COMPANY.—There has been so much written on this subject that I fear I am intrusive in venturing to offer my views on the question. While I agree with Dr. E. in so far that I have never heard the phrase "keeping company" used except in a few rather primitive country villages and neighborhoods, yet the practice has prevailed in every community in which I have ever resided, and within proper limits it is surely a harmless phase of social intercourse. It is only the fact that too many young men have grossly abused the confidence thus placed in their honor that has given rise to the growing suspicion with which it is regarded. The man who will even attempt to bring sorrow and shame into the house where he is welcomed as a friend and guest, violates the most sacred social and moral obligations, yet society is everywhere infested by these "moral lepers." Where a young lady receives the calls of gentlemen and entertains them with music, conversation or some amusing game, until a reasonable hour (not allowing the call into the next day) there can surely be no reasonable objection, but where the couple sit with rigidly closed doors, perhaps side by side, with clasped hands, and with the light burning dimly it may not always be innocent, but however that may be no young girl should thus allow herself to be caressed, thus familiarly handled by any man, even though engaged. If no greater harm comes of it, she is destroying that virginal, shrinking, instinctive modesty in her own heart, which is usually a girl's strongest safeguard against insult or temptation.

Perhaps some will deem this too severe, and think that an engagement justifies almost any degree of familiarity between the two parties, yet if a girl will only think how many engagements are broken off, she will surely see that it is too uncertain a thing to rely on where her self-respect is involved, and besides it is almost always under cover of an engagement that a respectable girl is brought to shame. Perhaps it is too much to say that men frequently draw girls into an engagement for the sole purpose of

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

GRAND SUMMIT, KAN.	SPRINGBORO, PA.	CHICKASAW, IA.
Harry Griffin,	Ruby Spalding,	Maud Preston,
Ira Griffin,	Blanche Hewit,	Lucia Ames,
Charley Griffin,	John Clark,	Dora Kuhns,
JAMESTOWN, KAN.	Clara Keep,	Mary Kuhns,
Ophelia Gray,	Burt Keep,	Minerva Jones,
Frank E Gray,	Budman Waldo,	Lily Reed,
T C Gray,	Arkie Keep,	Edith Read,
CITY, BEND, MO.	Erie Richards,	Jessie Springer,
Ed Grantham,	Dell Richards,	Innocent Gordon
Victor Grantham	Henry Luse,	Charley Ames.
Maud Grantham,	Warren Pitsley,	KASHUA, IA.
BertieGrantham,	J L Carter,	Mamie Connell,
Jas C Burkett,	Clara Keep,	Kittie Dean,
Albert Burkett,	Hiram Keep,	Katie I Martin,
Mollie Burkett,	Nellie E Rea,	Jessie Belden,
Mattie Burkett,	Edna A Rea,	Maud E Belden,
CITY, BURTON,	Edgar C Rea,	Gracie E Bean,
Wm Burton,	Frank Rea,	Edith B Bean,
Mollie Burton,	Arthur L Brooks,	Irena Sutherland
David Fields,	Lewis Brooks,	Katie B Connell,
Ella Fields,	Bertha Lisandall,	Mettie Sutherland
Ida Fields,	Claud Baker,	Rosie Martin.
Joe McCarty,	Josie N Gray,	BRADFORD, IA.
Jacob McCarty,	Alice A Keep,	Eva Brooks,
Mary McCarty,	Addie M Amidon	Electa Matteon,
Ollie Smith,	Zora Spaulding,	Jessie Gray,
Jennie Smith,	Maud Randall,	BROOKINGS, DAK.
Laura Smith,	May Keep.	Aggie Skinner.
Libbie Duffy,	EAST HIRAM, ME.	Ella J Gary,
Sarah Genis,	Jessie A Kimball	MACKGIVEN,
Hulda Ryan,	Jennie B Kimball	E Mardis,
Nettie Anderson,	Elmon T Kimball	A R Mardis,
Mabel Sweeny,	Ella Kimball,	Bryon Williams,
Harvey Haver,	NathanPKimball	W Williams,
Garrie Clark,	NEWARK, DEL.	Sarah Hackney,
Nellie Swisher,	Ida Simmons,	Brook Leister,
Ellora Bell,	Harry Simmons,	Eva Jones,
Arthur Wallace,	RichardSimmons	F Knowlton,
J Brandeberry,	Ella Simmons,	C Knowlton,
Harry Nonce.	Estelle Simmons,	W H Knowlton,
FROST, O.	D L Choate, jr.,	J C Knowlton,
Lydia M Collins,	Emma M Choate,	J M Knowlton.
Anise S Ritenour	Bertie M Gamble,	DANVILLE, O.
Ellen McGee,	Estelle Holloway	Chas Way,
Ada McGee,	Grace C Holloway	Alva H Kling.
Perlina L Wiers,	J E J Whistler,	Clinton McKinley
Effie Brandeberry	Mame E Whistler,	Minard Leister,
J Brandeberry,	Ella Simmons,	Carl Bradfield,
U G McDaniel,	Alice M Garlick,	S Banbury,
C McDaniel,	Ada A

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

CRIB-BITING.—Please tell me if there is any cure for cribbing, or what is commonly called a stump-sucker. If there is, please publish the remedy. We have a two-year old filly that is afflicted with it. If there is a remedy, we would be glad to know it.—J. W. WALLACE, Arcadia, Kansas. [Crib biting is classed with the incurable habits. For cribbing, the throat may be compressed with a strap around the neck, to be had of most saddlers, which is considered a good thing, but as the strap must be constantly worn, its presence is apt to in the end cause irritation of the windpipe. The best remedy is a muzzle with bars across the bottom sufficiently wide apart to enable the animal to pick up his food, or pull his hay, but not to grasp the edge of the manger. Nailing iron strips on the manger and trough, or rubbing them with aloes, is of no use.—ED.]

PEKIN DUCKS—Rose Cuttings.—Will some please tell me what is the matter with my Pekin ducks, and a remedy, if there is one? I have succeeded for two years in hatching out a large number of ducklings. They seem lively when hatched and continue to appear so until a week or two old, or thereabouts, when they are attacked by a sort of diarrhœa, with white or sulphur colored discharges, stagger around, with head drawn back and die in a few hours. I feed corn meal dough with plenty of pure water to drink, but not much to swim in, as I have been warned against that; keep their quarters clean and protect them from heavy dew. Will some one who has had experience give all the information possible on duck raising, as I am inexperienced?

What is the proper manner to root rose cuttings, and when is the best time to begin?—ELZINA BOSTICK, Brooks, Ind. [How is your pen arranged? No poultry will succeed on bare boards. They should be kept in pens with dry soil floors, or stone pavements that can be washed down daily. Young ducks do not need unlimited range and water to swim in. If your pens are in the same place that they were when your other ducks died, change them to a new place. The diarrhœal discharges are liable to injure the whole flock. As soon as one is seen to have diarrhœa, remove it from the others. Little ducklings should have Douglas's mixture placed in their water. (See answer to I, in last week's BLADE) and should not be set entirely in water, as it will soon unless kept fresh. Take a cupful of oatmeal or rice and pour boiling water over it, stirring until it takes up all the water. Then take stale wheat bread and after soaking it in water squeeze the water out of it. Take a couple of handfuls of this bread, and a cupful of the oatmeal or rice and dry it all with unbolted cornmeal until it crumbles freely. A little salt should be mixed with it. Feed this for the first week, giving a very little finely cut boiled meat with it every other day. After which they may gradually be given coarser food. As this is an important question, the editor would like to have the experience of some reader of the BLADE Farm upon the subject. The best time to set rose cuttings is in the spring, unless you have a hot house. Cuttings should have what gardeners call a heel to them, or a piece of old wood; strike root more readily than such as are not so protected. Cuttings should be about nine inches in length, and put in the ground at least four inches. The soil should be clean, new earth from under grass sods, mixed with leaf mould and a little sand.—ED.]

WITHOUT SCALING.—Can you give a good and reliable recipe for canning peas and beans, either shelled or in the pod, without scaling the cans hermetically?—READER, Kalamazoo, Mich. [Attempts have been made time and again to preserve peas in cans without hermetically sealing, but we have never heard of entire success having been attained.—ED.]

WHAT IS IT?—Owing to your excellency in answering any and all questions in regard to information, I ask you to be kind enough to answer this in your next issue, as it is a matter about which I am anxious. We have in our section of country a little worm or grub, just below the first joint, on nearly every wheat stalk. Probably you have been informed of the same worm? Please state if it be a worm or grub, how and when deposited there, and how to kill it.—E. J. DOWSON, Sand Creek, Davaria, Kansas. [The grubs or maggots are the larvæ of the Hessian fly. The Hessian fly seems to have been an immigrant to America from Europe in 1776, and is supposed to have been brought here in the straw used by the Hessian allies of the British troops. It continues its ravages in a district from one to three years. The fly has but two wings and is very small. Wheat is subject to the deposit of the fly if sown too early in the fall, and again the ensuing spring, there being two annual swarms of them, the early in May and September. When thus invaded, harrowing or rolling, by which the maggots or flies are displaced or driven off, is the only remedy of much avail. The fall deposited egg hatch out a maggot, which makes its way down the stem, and is soon transformed into a dormant larva, surrounded by a case formed of the skin. When spring arrives, the dormant larvæ becomes transformed into a pupa or crepalide, and after remaining in this position ten or twelve days, the pupa bursts, and the perfect insect emerges. When laid, the eggs pass down between the leaf and the stem of the young wheat, until they reach the first joint or crown, and there remain fixed, head downward, until they assume the pupa form.—ED.

E. W. EEA, Parktown, Dak.: Your horse is troubled with flatulent colic, which results from various causes. After exhaustion from hard work, giving a large quantity of cold water will bring it on. Hard work will at times cause a horse to hold its urine, but if allowed to stand quietly in his stall it will bring about the desired result. If the retention of urine occurs when the horse is not at work, you should call a veterinary, as it may be the result of polypus of the neck of the bladder, urethra impacted with calculus, etc., and the use of catheter may be necessary. See answer to "A Subscriber," in last week's BLADE.—ED.

Old Subscriber, West Virginia: Judging from your letter, corns or navicular disease is what ails your horse very likely the former, if you cannot trace injury to the tendons. If corns, the limbs will become straight by removing the corns. To treat corns, cut away the hoof around the corn, so as to prevent pressure from the shoe. Touch the corn daily with a glass brush, dipped in muriatic acid, afterwards placing the foot in a bran poultice. He should be carefully shod, and if the frog is elastic, a bar shoe, nicely fitted with a perfectly level bearing, would be best; if, however, the frog is hard and unyielding, such a shoe should not be used. For navicular disease, see back numbers of the BLADE.—ED.

Mr. Andrew Stewart, Wakarusa Station, Kansas, wishes to know from readers of the BLADE what will keep an old hedge from sprouting after it is cut off to within a foot of the ground. He has several hundred rods of old hedge which has become a nuisance.—ED.]

MILLET.—How much seed to the acre will millet grow, and what kind is best to sow for the seed?

Crops of all kinds are looking well, and stock of all kinds is also doing well and are healthy, but prices are very poor. The farmers work about fifteen hours per day, and are the poorest paid. A man will put in and tend, and take out about 50 acres of corn, at 40 bushels to the acre and 20 cents per bushel, one-third for land and one-third for team, tools and seed, and one-third for man. It will take him about five months to do the work, and you can see that he is not about $25 per month and board himself, and work fifteen hours per day. Don't you think he had better join the Knights of Labor? One-third of the farmers have stopped milking their cows because butter is so low. I am a Democrat and a subscriber, and I cordially endorse Col. Henderson. I take at least ten papers, and I consider yours the best, although I don't agree with you in politics. —C. W. MAHER, Fort Dodge, Iowa. [Millit requires dry, rich and well pulverized soil. It will grow on thin soil, but does best on the most fertile ground. It should be sown broadcast or in drills, from the first of May to the first of July. If for hay, and sown broadcast, 40 quarts per acre will be required; if in drills, for the grain, eight quarts will be sufficient. It will ripen in 60 to 70 days, with favorable weather. Owing to the great waste during ripening of the seed, from the shelling of the earliest of it before the last is matured. Millit is more profitably cut when the first seeds have begun to ripen. It is cured like hay, and on good land yields from 2½ to four tons per acre. From 50 to 100 bushels of seed have been raised. It grows to a height of 2½ to four feet.—ED.]

G. E. P.—Your information is an advertisement, and on this account cannot be inserted.—ED.

HEAVES.—Can you give me a sure cure for the heaves in horses? If so, you will oblige. CHARLIE M. SHANELY, Tawawa P. O., Ohio. [When heaves are very bad, there is no known cure. Mild and recent cases can be greatly relieved, if not cured. Heaves are attributed by some writers to functional derangement of the digestive organs, others to rupture of the air cells of the lungs, while a third class to a spasmodic action of the diaphragm, a muscle dividing the chest from the abdomen. To treat, apply a mustard plaster to the throat, after which give this medicine, recommended highly by Prof. Law: Arsenic, Fowler's solution, 1 oz.; belladona extract, 1 drachm; tincture of ginger, ½ a drachm; mix with a pint of water for a drench, and give every morning for a month or two. A remedy that has found favor is: A tablespoonful of lobelia given in the feed once a day for a week. Feed no musty food of any kind. Cut hay one-half to three-fourths of an inch in length, wet it well and put on a mixture of ship stuff or corn meal, or anything of wheat excepting pure bran. Chopped oats or anything nutritious may also be fed, but nothing dry. Feed must not be sloppy, but simply wet.—ED.]

Miss Ida Draper Milford, Kan.:—The article on strawberries you refer to was in the weekly of May 20. As you wish to set out strawberries in August, it would be well to do so in the latter part, although the best time is in April or May. If given a good dressing of manure and well mulched when winter sets in, they will yield a fair crop the following season. The ground should be well and deeply pulverized. Do not plant too deep, for fear of smothering. Rows should be three feet apart. "How to Succeed with Small Fruits and Poultry," says: The plants should be set one foot apart in the row, and only deep enough so that when pressed down firmly the crown will be even with the surface. In taking up plants to set out, loosen up the ground with a spade or digging fork, separate the plants one at a time, and straighten out the roots; then place them in a pan or pail with a little water in, press them close together, keeping them in an upright position. This will serve to "puddle" them, and they are then in the best state for setting. Of course, in rainy weather this is not essential, but on a dry or windy day it will be found very important to do so, as it will save many plants. Indeed, planting should not be done on a windy day if it can be avoided. Then have one person go along the row and drop the plants one foot apart, follow after, and set by scooping out a hole with the fingers of one hand to the required depth, then, by pressing the fingers against the side of the hole next to you, you form a nearly perpendicular convex side. Against this lay the plant with the roots spread out, fanshaped, with the other hand. Draw the earth around it, and press down firmly. Some growers use a flat dibble or garden trowel, but setting in the manner above described is, we believe, much better, and, with a little practice, can be done just as rapidly. See that the earth is pressed *firmly* about the plants. If this be neglected a great many will die or make but feeble growth, notwithstanding the utmost care bestowed in other respects. A good way to find out if they are firmly enough set, especially if the work is done by hired hands, is to take hold of a plant that has just been set by one of the leaves near the stem and pull. If the stem breaks, leaving the plant undisturbed, it is all right. If the plant comes up without the stem breaking it has not been set firm enough, and all such should be gone over and re-firmed.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

SUCKING COW.—I will give a remedy that will cure a "West Virginia" cow, a "Texas cow," or any other cow from sucking herself; one that I think 2,000 persons all "bridle" or "rack" remedies. I have tried all kinds, but this is the best: Take a hard piece of hickory, one foot long, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter in the middle, tapering to a point at each end. Cut a notch around the middle, one-eighth of an inch deep and about one inch wide. Now bore a hole right through the septum, or partition between the nostrils till the septum drops into the notch around the spindle. This piece of "jewelry" is not cumbrous, will not hinder the cow from eating, but when it comes to sucking herself she can't "get there."—L. T. C., Little Hocking, O.

SUCKING COWS.—To keep cow from sucking herself put on common head stall, then put strap around back of front legs; then take a stick about five feet long; fasten one end to halter ring and the other end to strap between front legs. The cow can feed but can not get her head around to suck. Try it and report.—J. F. JOHNSON, P. O., Keota, Iowa.

To keep worms off cabbage plants hunt in the patch.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—STUMPS.—I notice one of our number (The BLADE Farm family) wishes to know what will kill his osage plants. I will tell him a very simple thing. Bore a gimlet hole in each one, near the ground, and fill it with salt. Plug the hole and you will be bothered with them no longer. Salt sown on gravel walks will prevent grass from growing. Where farms are cleared, a three-quarter inch augur hole bored in each stump and filled with borax and saltpetre, equal parts, will cause the stump to rot, so that in three years' time the stump can be split and used. This is necessary in a stumpy country.—T. M. SHAMBAUGH, Guide Rock, Neb.

Cribbing.

ED. FARM:—Cribbing may be a disease or a habit, or both; *i. e.*, a horse with indigestion will crib at first to attempt relaying irritation. Later on, he will have become a habit, and although the original disease be removed the habit continues, in spite of all treatment except absolute prevention. Again, a horse never before known to crib is hitched in a stall next a confirmed cribber, he seems to become infected, so to speak, and the vice be a part of his life history ever after. Get a well-fitting halter made like a bridle, *i. e.*, with a front piece, and to the inside of the throat-piece attach a piece of leather, through which a number of six-ounce tacks have been driven. This piece being long enough to reach from the root of one ear to the opposite one, and being so put on that when the throat strap is buckled the points of the tacks will be brought in contact with the skin covering the throat, barely touching it. If the habit is not confirmed it may be broken up. It is well to take away the manger and any projection which the horse can seize with the teeth.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Proceedings of the Fruit and Vegetable Growers Association of the United States.

The Fruit and Vegetable Growers association of the United States met at the Neil House, Columbus, O., June 17, 1886. The meeting was one of unusual interest. The various papers read all embodied deep thought and research. The most interesting discussions were on the value and use of fruits, and regarding the best methods of preparing fruit for market and preserving it for family use. The opinion seemed prevalent that evaporated fruit was bound to obtain and hold the highest position in public favor. Not only is evaporated fruit superior in appearance, in flavor, in healthfulness and in keeping properties, but it commands a much higher price; ordinary dried apples are worth from two to two and a half cents per pound, evaporated apples from eight to ten cents. Common dried peaches are worth from three to five cents, evaporated from eighteen to twenty-two cents. Ezra Arnold, the Illinois fruit grower, presented drawing and specifications of a cheap evaporator made and used by himself with which he has had better success than with the more expensive dry houses and evaporators. He evaporated apples in two hours, strawberries in three hours, peaches in two hours, cherries in two hours, corn in two hours and all kinds of fruits proportionately quick. The evaporator is a marvel of simplicity and excellence, and can be made by any one at a very trifling cost. By its use millions of dollars can be saved the producer and consumer each year. There are thousands of families that dry large quantities of fruit annually in the old fashioned slow way, and sell it at the old fashioned low price, when they could, with but little expense make an evaporator and evaporate five times as much fruit and sell it for five times as much per pound. There are thousands of families in the cities that can at times, when the market is glutted, buy fruit for less than the cost of production and with an evaporator can prepare it in a few days sufficient to last a whole year's consumption, and at one-tenth the usual expenditure. Mr. Arnold said he did not intend to make or sell evaporators and would consign to the association his right and title to his evaporators provided the association would procure cuts to illustrate fully the different parts and distribute gratuitously among the farmers, fruit raisers and consumers of the United States complete illustrated directions for making and using this evaporator. On motion, Mr. Arnold's proposition was accepted, and the following resolution adopted:

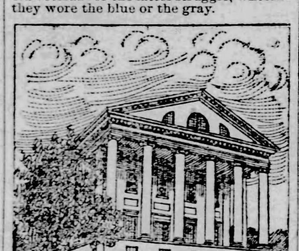
Resolved, That the secretary of the Fruit and Vegetable Growers' association be authorized to inform the people through the leading newspapers in each state, that illustrated directions for making and using Arnold's fruit evaporator can be obtained by addressing our secretary, W. Orlando Smith, P. O. Box 194, Alliance, O.; enclosing stamps for return postage, and that the secretary draw on the treasurer for the necessary amount to defray expenses of wood cuts, printing, etc. On motion a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Arnold for his valuable gift to the association. On motion a vote of thanks was tendered the press throughout the country at large for the courtesies extended to us in publishing the call for the meeting of our association, and for publishing the proceedings of our previous meetings. On motion the association adjourned to meet at the Southern hotel, St. Louis, Mo., December 9, 1886, at 10 a. m., W. ORLANDO SMITH, secretary.

The Minneapolis street car strike is over, the company having conceded all demands of the men. All went to work Tuesday morning as usual.

HISTORIC RICHMOND.

The Capital of the Confederacy.—An Old Capitol and an Old House in Which Gen. Washington was Once Quartered, Libby Prison, the White House of the Confederacy, and Other Points of Interest.

The capital of Virginia may well be called the Rome of the South, for within her borders lie the ruins of an empire greater than that ever ruled by the imperial capital of Italy. Like that ancient city on the Tiber she stands upon her seven hills, and like her she has risen from the ashes and is fast forcing her way to a place among the principal cities of America. It is not of Richmond as a commercial centre, however, that this article is designed to treat, but rather to ramble about among the points of historic interest of which scarcely any place in the whole country is more replete. These relate as well to the early period of our history as to that covered by the late civil war, and are interesting to people of every section, especially to the old veterans of the latter struggle, whether they wore the blue or the gray.

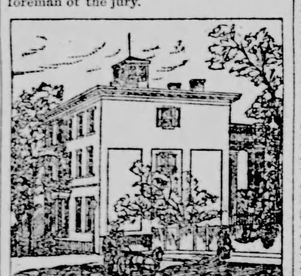


THE CAPITOL.

Among the places of greatest interest is the Capitol, the oldest building of the kind in America that is still used for its original purpose. It was built under the supervision of Thomas Jefferson, who chose for his model the Maison Caree, an ancient Roman temple of Nismes, France, but the copy was not strictly adhered to in the construction of the edifice. It stands upon a commanding hill and is surrounded by a beautiful park of about fifteen acres, interlaced with well kept walks and ornamented with statuary. In the rotunda of the building is Houdon's celebrated statue of Washington. The mask of this statue was taken a few years before the death of the President and was the only one ever made. A copy of the work is in the Capitol at Washington.

There is also in the hall a marble statue of Henry Clay, presented to Virginia by the ladies of his adopted state. His birthplace, "The Slashes," is still in a good state of preservation, and is but a few miles from the city. Besides the statues in the rotunda of the building there are many valuable portraits of colonial and revolutionary celebrities, as well as those of later times. Most of these paintings are original, and in many cases the only ones in existence. There are, perhaps, fifty portraits of this splendid throng of men in these walls who have made a name in American history than any other state can boast. Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Tyler, Harrison, Marshall, the Lees, Jackson, Johnston and a host of others whose deeds are the light of many a page of history are here portrayed upon canvas in life-like presentments.

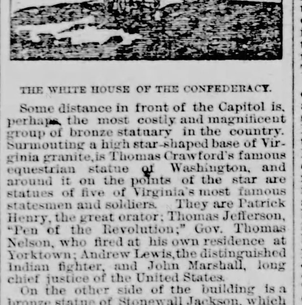
The old capitol has been the scene of much that is memorable in the history of Virginia and America. The old walls have looked down upon Arnold, the traitor, and his red-coated troops; they have seen the soldier of the Revolution and the veteran war march from her gates. And in her legislative and senate halls palpitated the heart of the Confederacy. For it was here the sessions of the Confederate Congress were held. In the hall of the house of delegates Aaron Burr was tried and acquitted on the charge of treason, John Marshall being judge, and John Randolph, of Roanoke, the foreman of the jury.



THE WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Some distance in front of the Capitol is, perhaps, the most costly and magnificent group of bronze statuary in the country. Surmounting a high star-shaped base of Virginia granite, is Thomas Crawford's famous equestrian statue of Washington, and around it on the points of the star are statues of five of Virginia's most famous statesmen and soldiers. They are Patrick Henry, the great orator; Thomas Jefferson, "Pen of the Revolution;" Gov. Thomas Nelson, who fired at his own residence at Yorktown; Andrew Lewis, the distinguished Indian fighter, and John Marshall, long chief justice of the United States.

On the other side of the building is a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, which was presented to Virginia by an association of English gentlemen. No other American soldier has been so honored by the people of another country. Adjoining the square is the governor's mansion, where sits Fitzhugh Lee in the seat where two of his ancestors have sat before him. Grouped irregularly around these central figures, and situated in the streets that intersect here, are the buildings once occupied by the various departments of the Confederate government. All of these are now used as hotels, schools or stores; the President's house being occupied by the central academy.



LIBBY PRISON.

Passing down Main street toward the river, a walk of half a mile will bring one to the famous Libby Prison, which was used during the war as a central office for the registration of Federal prisoners destined for Andersonville, Belle Isle and Castle Thunder. In this way, perhaps, 50,000 men crossed its threshhold. It was also used for the confinement of commissioned officers, and in February, 1864, Col. Streight and 109 prisoners escaped by digging a tunnel under the wall to the river. The building is in nowise different from the dozen other houses around it—an ordinary red brick structure, used in ante bellum days for the storage of tobacco, later for the storage of prisoners, and now for the manufacture of fertilizers. No one would notice the famous place but for a board nailed to the wall inscribed with the legend:

LIBBY PRISON.

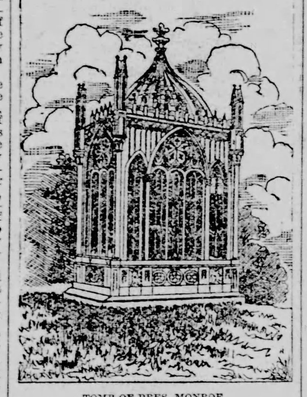
ANY ONE CAUGHT DEFACING THIS BUILDING IN ANY WAY WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW.

Around the corner and on the next block from Libby prison, stands the old Rock House, once Washington's headquarters, and where Pres. Monroe boarded when he attended school in Richmond. It is built of rock and is the oldest house in the city, having been built over two hundred years ago—some time before the city was laid out. It now seems to be in the hands of an enterprising old man who has exerted himself to make the place presentable. On the mantel in the onetime bedroom of Washington, is a cheap chromo representing John Smith being saved from the war club of Powhatan by Pocahonta. In other parts of the room are a few sea shells, and a sword is hanging from the wall. It is amusing to hear the old man leave the subject of the history of the house and and refer to what he has done for it in a tone of pride.

THE OLD ROCK HOUSE.

But we cannot linger long at the ancient house. Pass on to Smith's Hill, upon the summit of which stands St. John's church, one of the oldest and most historic houses of worship in America. Its ivy-clad walls have heard the fiery tones of the patriot inciting his people to defence, as well as the voice of the clergyman raised in exhortation and prayer. It was in this building that the Virginia convention, led by Edmund Randolph, Patrick Henry and Richard Lee, took the first steps toward opposing the mother country, and here it was that Henry made his famous speech ending in the memorable words, "I care not what course others may take, but as for me give me Liberty or give me Death."

The situation is a sequestered one, far from the din and rush of the city, and it is pleasant to sit under the silent oaks on the old tombstones, and dream of the stirring colonial days, many of the actors in which lie buried around you. At your feet flow the placid waters of the historic James, and as far as the eye can reach you can look over the ancient dominions of Powhatan the Indian king. In imagination you can people the shores of the river with Capt. Smith and his hardy band of adventurers who visited the site in 1607, with the ships of Newport freighted with the earliest civilization of the American continent; with Powhatan and his stalwart braves; with Pocahontas and her companions, dusky maidens.



TOMB OF PRES. MONROE.

We leave the old church with its memories of other days, and make our way to another part of the city. Here in the midst of the fashionable residence section, we visit the Allen mansion, long the home of Edgar Allen Poe, and where he says he spent his happiest days. The house is a very large one, and is kept in very good repair. It is a typical Virginia residence of ante bellum days, and no doubt in the days of Mr. Allen, Poe's guardian, it was the scene of lavish hospitality. The place is enclosed by a low brick fence which is fast falling to decay, and soon the house will follow, but the poems that were written within its old fashioned rooms will live as long as the English language is spoken.

But to many the interesting spot in storied Richmond, is the beautiful Hollywood cemetery. Apart from the natural beauty of the place, upon which Dame Nature would take a lavish hand, art has been brought to its aid, and in the spring it is one of the loveliest places imaginable. Still it is not its loveliness alone that makes it a great center of attraction to the visitor in Richmond, but it is, rather, the illustrious dead that rest beneath its fair face. Some of the greatest men of America are buried here, and the world as it sighs through the trees, sings ceaselessly their requiem. One of the first places the stranger wishes to see is President's Hill, where lies buried within twenty feet of each other two Presidents of the United States, James Monroe and John Tyler.

Over the grave of the former is a large cast iron monument, but the latter has not a board to mark his last resting place, not so much as the pauper in the potter's field. By his side is his daughter, who was one of the first ladies to be married in the White House. She was the wife of Sen. Jackson, of Tennessee, a very young man. Not far from the graves of the two Presidents is that of Gen. A. P. Hill, whose name, by a strange coincidence, was on the lips of both Lee and Jackson when they died. Scattered about in various sections of the beautiful grounds are the last resting places of John Randolph, of Roanoke; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Commodore M. F. Maury, of the United States Navy, known as the "Pathfinder of the Seas;" James A. Seddon, Confederate Minister of War; Gov. Henry A. Wise and Gens. Ashby, Stevens and Pickett, besides many others whose names are a part of history.

In another portion of the cemetery is the Confederate section, where, under the sod, sleep 12,000 soldiers, waiting the sound of the last reveille. In the center of this army of unknown and unrecorded dead, rises a splendid monument, a pyramid of rough Virginia granite, erected by the ladies of the South. This grand tribute of cold gray stone is taking to itself the softening and subduing mantle of verdure. Up the four steep sides of the stone the ivy is climbing toward the summit. It will meet there some day soon, and joining hands, crown in perpetual pity over the 12,000 dead. Truly, Virginia is the burial place of the nation. Under the fair face of the Old Dominion sleeps many a father, son or brother, from the East, the North, the West and South, who went out to do battle for their country. The blue and the gray sleep side by side; the same grass grows over all, the same wind whispers to each, and there is peace.

OHIO FORESTS.

The Time Close at Hand When Available Timber Will Be Exhausted.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The department of Agriculture has issued a special report giving a descriptive catalogue of manufactures from native woods as shown at the New Orleans exposition. In an appendix is given extracts from the views of manufacturers on the general aspects of the forestry question, prospects of future supply of kinds of timber most used by them, and opinions concerning legislation that is believed to be desirable on the subject named. Following are notes from the views expressed by manufacturers at the indicated points in Ohio:

Cincinnati—Ship timber is becoming very scarce and in the course of 15 to 20 years boats must be built of other material.

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Mansfield—Regarding hickory, think the supply will be exhausted in 20 years.

New Lexington—The forests of this country are being exhausted very rapidly, so much so in fact that it is almost an impossibility to obtain a first-class spoke in oak. Second growths are almost out of the question. The timber question of the country is a very important one to us now.

Delphos—Timber for our line (carriage manufacture) will be cleared out in this section within the next ten years.

Postoria—Twenty-five years ago Northern Ohio was one of the best timbered countries that could be found in the United States. To-day the class of timber that enters into the construction of wagons is becoming scarce and is in very great demand. Where the supply is to come from fifteen or twenty years hence should be a matter of serious consideration. That there is great need of legislation on that question there is no room to doubt.

Dayton—At the present rate of unnecessary slaughter of timber the country will be denuded in 25 years. At the present consumption of timber I don't think that wood can be obtained for manufacturing purposes in Allen, Van Wert, Putnam and Paulding counties, this state, in ten years.

Hartsburg (ax handle manufacturing)—I believe within twenty years the supply will be so nearly exhausted, at least in Ohio, that there will be no factories running in the state.

New London.—The writer has been engaged in the timber business for twenty-one years. In a very few years good hickery, oak, and ash timber in this country will be hard to get unless some legislation be made to compel or induce land-owners to replant a portion of their land.

Chagrin Falls—Maple is growing in the immediate vicinity as fast as it is used. There was a large peg factory here twelve or fifteen years ago, and timber was higher than now.

Dague, Paulding Co.—The timber we employ in our business (cottonwood, elm and sycamore), will be used up in five years or nearly so in the state of Ohio. There should be legislation to prevent the wanton destruction of the first-growth timber by saw mill men. There are at least forty saw mills in Paulding county.

The Milwaukee jury in the case of Henry Dampf, charged with riot, returned a verdict of guilty.

News of the Week.

DAVID DAVIS IS DEAD.

Upright Judge and Honest Man—Interesting Reminiscenses of His Career, as Related by Hon. Leonard Sweet—A Large Man in Every Way—His Life without Reproach.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 26.—David Davis died at 6 o'clock this morning. He sank into a comatose state twelve hours before the end, and passed painlessly away, surrounded by his family.

Judge Davis was born in Cecil county, Md., March 9, 1815. He received a collegiate education, studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1835, and settled in Bloomington. He was a member of the Illinois legislature in 1844; of the state constitutional convention in 1847; judge of the eighth judicial district, 1848-62; appointed judge United States Supreme court December 6, 1862, and served until March 5, 1877, when he resigned to take his seat as United States senator, having been elected the previous January by the votes of Independents and Democrats, to succeed John A. Logan.

CHICAGO, June 26.—A few days since, Hon. Leonard Sweet, speaking of Judge Davis, said:

"Continually thrown in intimate companionship with Lincoln and Davis, I came to know both well. They were antipodal natures, but the closest of friends. Davis was of the most positive, decisive character, taking his positions firmly and holding to them tenaciously and doggedly. Lincoln was suave and more yielding. Both were princes of geniality and capital storytellers. Each had a fund of stories that seemed inexhaustible and never lacked appositeness, nor lost anything of excellence in the telling. In this intimacy formed in the eighth circuit, may be found the foundation of both Lincoln's and Davis's after greatness.

"It is not generally known, but true, that Lincoln owes his nomination in 1860 to the friends he made among the circuit attorneys, and particularly to Judge Davis. Lincoln had been talked of in the state a little, but had not loomed up prominently as the coming man. Davis had never taken any part in national politics. But at this time he took a notion he wanted to be delegate at large. When he came to Chicago, he appointed himself master of ceremonies, called aids about him and set them to work. Dick Oglesby was sent into the pit to work up enthusiasm. A committee of three was sent to each state delegation to talk up Lincoln. No one ever thought of questioning Davis's right to send men hither and thither, nor to question his judgment. He was the most thorough manager of men I ever knew. He was a born ruler. He was a teacher of teachers, a man among men, a master of masters. He never faltered, never gave up, never made any mistakes. The result of that convention was the nomination of Lincoln. Two years later, a vacancy occurring on the supreme bench, Davis was appointed. It was largely gratitude on Lincoln's part, though a most worthy appointment.

"The strong points in Davis' character, as exhibited in his whole career, public and private, were many. He had the keenest foresight. Away back in 1840 he saw this state as we now see it. To-day he is a very rich man, worth probably $8,000,000. Of this no one does not know. He never made a dollar in trade; never made a trade in which he was not worsted. He did not know how to make a bargain, and seldom ever tried. He knew good land when he saw it. He made all his money entering land. His present magnificent farm of 1,000 acres in McLean county cost him about $3 an acre.

"I remember once of a case that illustrates him very well. Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, was a merchant on the down grade. Mr. Davis received a note from some eastern party against Fell, which he was instructed to collect. Davis and Fell were friends. On investigation, Davis found there was no resources save an 80-acre piece of ground near Chicago. Fell offered to give up the land for the note. Without a moment's hesitation Davis accepted. When the eastern party came out he was incensed at losing the note for a worthless piece of property. Davis agreed to take the land himself and pay the amount of the note in money. This offer was accepted. That 80 lies between the city and the stock-yards and is of incalculable value.

"One of Davis's popular points when on the circuit was his care for orphans and their estates. He had the responsibility of guardians bursed into him by experience; he inherited a large estate in Maryland, which, by the disagreement of the court, was lost to him. When he became a judge he was especially careful in this matter. He never allowed an estate belonging to minor heirs to be sold—never but once. It was near Danville. The guardian petitioned for a decree to sell, and Davis agreed that it should be done. He would take charge of the matter himself. He ordered the sale and conducted it through a confidential law partner. When the money was obtained Davis sent the man off to Cincinnati to buy land warrants. When the next term of court came at Danville the trustee of the estate was presented with a pocketful of land warrants where the proceeds of the sale. The minor was a young girl, and when she came of age that land was worth at least $50,000.

"Davis excelled as a judge. It was his natural sphere. He was more like John Marshall than any man the country has produced. Of Marshall it is related that he would listen attentively to an argument, catch at once the point, and say: 'That's it. That's the law exactly. Now look up an authority or two.' It was just so with Davis. He took the law as a greyhound takes the scent. He never relied on his knowledge of authorities, and never allowed his legal lore to smother his common sense perception of equity and justice.

"Yes, Judge Davis is a man of whom nothing can be said that is not good, and of whom too much good cannot be said. He was a large man every way. His gentility always drew a crowd about him. His integrity was never questioned—it was beyond suspicion. His life has been clean and pure. He is a Christian in the catholic sense, and has given away a fortune in beneficence. He was a model man in every way. As a public man no one has made a better record."

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FITZ JOHN PORTER.

The Bill Passed by the Senate—And Now Goes to the President for His Signature—Remarks of Gen. Logan—The Vote on the Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The Senate took up the Fitz John Porter bill, and Mr. Logan spoke. He opened with an objection to the bill on a constitutional point. The bill, he said, provided for an increase in the number of persons on the retired list of the army, provided the President appointed a certain person to the place. If he did make that special appointment, the vacancy was not to exist. Where did the Senate get the power to name to the President the name of a person he should appoint to the office? Continuing, he said: The fact was that Fitz John Porter and others, whose names it was not now necessary to mention, conspired to make it impossible for a Western officer to command the army of the East.

The Eastern army was never a success till Grant took hold of it, and at that time Porter and some of his kind were not then in it. It was part of the programme of Porter and his friends that no Western man should command the army. Mr. Logan asserted that Porter was the cause of the first Bull Run defeat, by persuading Patterson to retreat from Winchester with 30,000 men. In support of this, he had the clerk read some extracts from his published work, "The Great Conspiracy." He denied that he was endeavoring to persecute Porter, when he was only defending Lincoln. "As God is my judge," said he, "I would stand over the dust of Lincoln and swear by all the gods to his act being an honest and just act."

"You gentlemen who were down in the confederacy," continued Mr. Logan, "don't know anything about this case except what you have read; and you come up here and vote without reference to the facts (unless you have examined them) out of sympathy for this man."

Every man restored to the army by Congress after dismissal, because of sympathy with the rebellion, had found Republicans in Congress to aid them. The prophesies of a few years ago were coming true—the legislation of the war was being reversed every day, and by Republican votes Porter would have been condemned to death, and would have been shot, had not the kindly Lincoln said: "For God's sake don't require me to shoot a Democrat at this time."

This man Porter, who proved treacherous to his commanding officer and unfaithful to his trust, was appealing to the country on the ground that he had been "persecuted" by Abraham Lincoln. It ill became us to reverse the record made by men like Lincoln, Stanton and Garfield, yet we found men in the Senate who were patriotic, but who now came in the light of day and were willing to reverse the rulings of these dead patriots, in order to sustain the infamy of a man whose infamy was not less than that of the men who perpetrated the rebellion.

But Mr. Logan supposed every man had his Brutus. The revolution had its Arnold, and the civil war had its Porter.

Mr. Logan produced and read the documents to prove the truth about his reference to "conspiracy."

In conclusion he said: Union men were now the men to be kicked; and enough Republicans were to be found to vote with the Democrats under the Confederate flag, against the Union flag. Any man who wanted to fight under the Confederate flag in this chamber had the right to do it. Mr. Logan meant this of course only in a political sense, in the sense of a political fight, but he did mean it in that sense.

While Republicans here were helping the Democrats to pass bills like this, there were bills giving pitiful little pensions of $5 to $15 a month to disabled soldiers of the Republic, that were being vetoed by the President. So, for fighting for the flag, for standing up in time of war, for being ready to die that the Union might live, the heavy hand of the Chief Executive of the Republic fell upon these poor soldiers. Yet Republican Senators here were willing to vote to give $3,000 a year to a man who was a traitor to his commander, so if men wanted to be paid liberally by the United States they had only to be treacherous when they should be true.

"If you are true when you might be treacherous, you are vetoed. That," said Mr. Logan, "is a strange thing to take place in this country. While Republicans were doing what he had stated, the other side came forward to put their foot upon the poor, penniless Democrat soldier. If the gentleman thought they were making a creditable history, let them go on. For himself (Mr. Logan), while he lived he would appeal to the honor of his country, to the integrity of its people, and to the justice of his cause while he pleaded for the pensioned soldier against those of our own side who proved treacherous to us at a time when we trusted them to protect our government."

Mr. Teller moved an amendment to appoint Gen. Alfred Pleasanton to the army retired list.

Mr. Sewell said that Gen. Pleasanton was one of the most meritorious and gallant officers of the army. He would vote for a b

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

State of the Appropriation Bills Postal Clerks Bounced — Cleveland's Pension Vetoes—General Washington News.

In pursuance of the policy agreed on at the Democratic caucus last week, the present week in the House of Representatives will be devoted to the consideration of appropriation bills and bills declaring forfeiture of land. Enough of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill remains to be considered to occupy the time of the House for a day or two at the beginning of the week, and before it is finally disposed of the Appropriation committee will have placed the General Deficiency Appropriation bill on the calendar. This will leave but one general appropriation bill—the Fortifications bill—to be reported to the House. On Wednesday or Thursday the committee on Public Lands will call up the Northern Pacific Land Grant Forfeiture bill, and it is the present intention to allow a day's debate on the measure before putting it on its passage. If the temper of the House is favorable, the bill will be followed by other forfeiture bills in the order in which they stand on the calendar, and their consideration and necessary action upon conference reports will fill out the week. Apparently insurmountable parliamentary obstacles threaten to thwart Mr. Morrison in his desire to secure the action of the House on his resolution directing the reduction of United States securities to the extent of the treasury surplus. The resolution is not privileged under the present rules of the House, nor is the bill providing for a new naval establishment; but in each case it is the determination of the House mover to secure action by the House during the next ten days, if it be within the bounds of possibility.

In the Senate, it is proposed, to devote one day this week to the consideration of the veto of the Des Moines River Land bill, and another to executive business, if so much time is required. Early in the week the bill providing for the adjustment of land grants, which stands as unfinished business, will be discussed. It is expected that the rest of the week will be devoted to the legislative and the postoffice appropriation bills, the latter coming up on a disagreeing report from the conferees. The river and harbor bill will be reported, but will not be taken up until next week. As the fiscal year will expire before the end of the present week and only one of the regular appropriation bills has yet become a law, Congress will be required to make temporary provision for the executive departments. This is expected to be done by passing a resolution authorizing a continuance for a few days of expenditures for the several branches of the service upon the basis of the appropriations for the present year. The proposition may give rise to a short discussion. The policy of anticipating appropriations is criticised as leading to confusion by reason of the fact that expenditures are thus often made upon accounts for which, it is afterward found, Congress makes no provision at all in the regular appropriation bills.

Following is a summary statement of the present condition of the regular annual appropriation bills: To become a law: The Indian appropriation bill, awaiting the President's approval, military academy bill. Passed both houses, but now in the hands of conference committees: Postoffice, army, District of Columbia, agricultural, consular and diplomatic and pension bills. Passed the House of Representatives and awaiting report from Senate committees: River and harbor, naval and legislative, executive and judicial bills. Under consideration in the House of Representatives: The sundry civil bill. In the course of preparation by the House committee on Appropriations: General deficiency and fortifications bills.

BOUNCING THE POSTAL CLERKS.

They Threatened to Strike, but Were Not Given a Chance.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The following special notice was to-day issued by the general superintendent of railway mail service:

By order of the postmaster general, the clerks named below have been removed from the service for insubordination in conspiracy to obstruct the regulation of the service by the department, and to injure its efficiency. They have secretly attempted to form an association with a view to dictate action to the department, and many of them have also been guilty of deception towards their fellow clerks by pretending the purposes of such association to be merely benevolent, and thus entangling them. At the same time the postmaster general directs me to express his gratification that so few, comparatively, could be found to engage in such a scheme, and his acknowledgments to those who have kept the department informed. Murdock Hollingshead, Pittsburg and Cincinnati R. P. O.; G. W. Thornton, transfer clerk at Cincinnati, O.; A. G. Kretschi, Cincinnati and St. Louis R. P. O.; W. W. Ricker, Pittsburg and Cincinnati R. P. O.; I. E. Dillon, Gratton and Cincinnati R. P. O.; C. B. Scott, Chicago and Cincinnati R. P. O.; Charles C. Brown, Portsmouth R. and Cincinnati R. P. O.; J. L. Chamberlin, Cleveland and Cincinnati R. P. O.; W. O. McKinney, Chicago and Cincinnati R. P. O.; G. M. Doderick, Cleveland and Indianapolis R. P. O.; T. Miller, Pittsburg and St. Louis R. P. O.; F. Fosdyke, Pittsburg and St. Louis R. L. Jenkins, Indianapolis and St. Louis R. P. O.; Malcolm H. Wing, Toledo and Allegan R. P. O.; Owen E. Sullivan, Toledo and St. Louis R. P. O.; B. F. Morrison, Toledo and St. Louis R. P. O.; R. H. Stewart, Toledo and St. Louis R. P. O.; J. E. Darr, Ludington and Toledo R. P. O.; J. G. Russell, Chicago and Central Iowa; J. M. Burrucker, Chicago and Western R. postoffice; C. H. Eich, Chicago and Quincy; C. R. Kirkland, Chicago and Minneapolis; J. W. Randall, Logansport and Keokuk; J. A. Humphreys, Pittsburg and St. Louis; R. C. Rahn, Indiana and Peoria; J. F. Aiken, New York and Chicago; S. A. Myers, Pittsburg and St. Louis.

The postmaster general says the discharged men threatened a strike, or a combined resignation of many of the clerks, so as to menace the department with embarrassment.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

Carlisle, Morrison and Randall Appointed a Committee to "Rush Things."

WASHINGTON, June 28.—As Mr. Randall observed to day, both wings of the Democratic party "lapped together" in the caucus to-night. After hearing the statement of Speaker Carlisle as to the confusion in the conversation caucus, the matter was left to a committee of three members, which should be charged with the duty of selecting and pushing to the point of action such of the measures as it should deem proper to attempt to pass, and Messrs. Carlisle, Morrison and Randall were named as members of the committee.

The sentiment of the caucus seemed to be in favor of passing the appropriation bills and the bills declaring a forfeiture of the land grants, and then adjourn.

Soon after the selection of the committee Mr. Randall rose and asked what action the caucus would take—whether it would consent adjournment by July 15. There was a chorus of "Yes! yes!" from all sides. Rather regretfully, it was observed, Mr. Randall assumed that the action meant also that appropriation bills and a few bills already on the calendar would be the only measures to be taken action on at this session, and to this assumption there was again expressed a hearty assent.

COAL OIL PAYNE.

There Will Be Two Reports by the Committee.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The Senate committee on Privileges and Elections held a short meeting this morning and voted to report adversely to any investigation of the charges of bribery in connection with the election of Sen. Payne. The majority of the committee think there is not sufficient evidence to show that money was used in the election, and are very confident that the result was not in any way affected by improper means.

There will be a minority report in favor of an investigation. It is said that only Sens. Hoar and Frye will sign the minority report, and that Sens. Teller, Evarts, Logan, Salisbury, Vance, Pugh and Eustis will sign the majority report.

A Row in the Civil Service Commission.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—There is a row in the Civil Service commission over a report made by Mr. Lyman, the Republican commissioner, upon the conduct of the Baltimore postmaster and his failure to obey the civil service law and regulations. The other members of the commission, Edgerton and Oberly, claim that no investigation was authorized, that they had no knowledge that any was intended; that no complaint against the postmaster ever reached them, but that Mr. Lyman, if he was aware of any, kept them to himself, went secretly to Baltimore, took testimony with a stenographer without consulting them about the matter or informing them of what he had done. They claim that the employment of a stenographer was not authorized by the commission, and say they will not pay his bills as they had no opportunity to question the witnesses and were kept in entire ignorance of the whole transaction until the report was submitted to them. They accuse Mr. Lyman of gross discourtesy and deception, and, without expressing an opinion as to the necessity for or result of the investigation, repudiate it as a partisan affair, and decline even to read the report Commissioner Lyman prepared.

Mr. Lyman explains that he was in Baltimore attending an examination of candidates for appointment in the Custom House; he received the complaint against the postmaster and investigated it, as he supposed it was his duty to do so.

Cleveland's Pension Vetoes.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—While the House was considering pension bills this evening, Mr. Gibson, of West Virginia, critized several of the reports submitted by the committee on invalid pensions, and stated that he would raise the point of no quorum upon certain measures. Thereupon Mr. Raine, of Pennsylvania, rose and made a bitter attack on the President for his recent veto messages on pension bills.

Mr. Matson, of Indiana, defended the President, who he declared was fair and just, and prompted by his conscience. Two gentlemen might honestly differ upon a question, and that was all there was in all this talk.

Mr. Warner, of Ohio, defended the President's course, declaring that his aim was only to keep off the pension roll men who were not entitled to go there.

The discussion continued at some length, the President's action and the conduct of pension agents in Commissioner Black coming in for criticism and defense, and then, without transacting any business, the House, at 10:45, adjourned.

What Pres. Cleveland Finds to Do.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—Yesterday was probably the busiest day the President had had since his inauguration. It was devoted almost entirely to the consideration of pension cases. During the day he acted upon 118 private pension bills. After giving each case a thorough personal examination, 30 bills were vetoed and 88 were approved. He also approved the bill reimbursing Edwin Stevens, United States consul at Ningpo, China, for extraordinary expenses incurred during the Franco-Chinese war. The bill for the relief of Richard T. Wintersmith, late doorkeeper of the House, was allowed to become a law without the President's signature. The President wrote the veto messages himself, without assistance by dictation or otherwise. They made about 50 pages of closely written foolscap. Indeed, it is stated that the President has personally written every message that has issued from the White House during his administration.

Don't Like to Clean Spittoons.

WASHINGTON, June 25.—The ex-Confederates who have succeeded in obtaining subordinate positions in the treasury and other departments here do not find all the duties so much to their taste as they imagined before appointment. To-day a formal kick was made in the treasury. The point made was that it was not the proper thing for honorably-discharged soldiers to clean spittoons for "niggers." The kick was led by an ex-Confederate major, who is now a treasury messenger, and a portion of whose duties consist in the cleaning of spittoons. It is a fact that there are some colored men who hold clerkships in the treasury, and it is presumed that some of these colored men use spittoons, and so the kick.

New Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Wm. E. Smith, assistant secretary of the Treasury, has tendered his resignation to the President, to take effect July 1st next, in order to accept the position of solicitor for the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Co, with headquarters at St. Paul. The President has selected as his successor Hon. Hugh S. Thompson, governor of South Carolina, and will send his nomination to the Senate to-morrow. Mr. Thompson is said to be a man of ability, and to be in entire accord with the President's policy on all public questions.

Cleveland on Saddles.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—Among the bills vetoed by the President was one granting a pension to Alfred Dennys, whose record showed no disability, but twenty years after he was discharged he filed a claim alleging that his health had been thrown forward upon the horn of his saddle. The President says: "The number of instances in which those of our soldiers who rode horses during the war were injured by being thrown forward upon their saddles indicates that those saddles were very dangerous contrivances."

River and Harbor Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The Senate committee on commerce has nearly completed the river and harbor bill. It is possible, but not probable, that a few unimportant changes may be made at the meeting to-morrow. Items in the House bill have been increased to the aggregate of $83,484,275, and outside of the House bill to the aggregate of $615,500; net increase, $2,869,775; total appropriation by the Senate bill, $18,649,975.

Lincoln-Grant Monumental Bridge.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Sen. Spooner submitted an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill to appropriate $10,000 to enable the secretary of war to prepare suitable plans, drawings and specifications, and to ascertain and estimate the soundings, site and foundation for piers and cost of a Lincoln-Grant monumental bridge, with suitable approaches from Observatory Point in this city, across the Potomac to Arlington gate.

Randall's Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—From computations made at the treasury, based on last year's reports, it is estimated that the Randall tariff will effect a reduction in the government revenue of $34,977,665, including $7,044,352, on account of reductions of tariff on dutiable articles, $1,526,124, on account of the additions to the free list, and $26,407,088 on account of the removal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco, etc.

Passed Over the Veto.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The Senate has passed the Des Moines land bill over the President's veto by a vote of 34 to 15.

Capital Cullings.

Sec. Whitney to-day said that there is no truth in the report that he has resigned, and he added that he had no such intention.

The President has nominated J. J. Ankeny to be postmaster at Minneapolis, Minn., thus recognizing the old-time and "highly respectable" wing of the Democracy.

Sen. Morrill, although somewhat improved, as compared with the worst stage of his present illness, remains in a critical condition. His disorder is inflamation of the bowels.

The House committee on foreign affairs to-day decided to report favorably a bill authorizing the President to appoint military and naval attaches to foreign legations; also a bill to protect submarine cables.

Land Commissioner Sparks, in justification of his revoked order suspending the land grants, said: "The authority to issue such circular was founded upon precedents deemed to be sufficient, of more than 40 years' standing, sanctioned by judicial decisions and by congressional recognition."

The steam yacht Corsair, with the President and party on board, returned to Washington Sunday afternoon. Members of the party express themselves as delighted with the trip. Mrs. Cleveland attended church, accompanied by her former schoolmate, Miss Gregg, who is a guest at the White House.

Unless Congress very materially modifies the river and harbor bill it is quite probable that the President will veto it. Friends of the Executive argue that a bill making appropriations only for works of a national character would be approved. It is very doubtful if such a measure as this could be passed through both Houses.

Mr. Miller, commissioner of internal revenue, who accompanied Sec. Manning to the Virginia Springs, and who has been in almost daily communication with him since, denies the truth of the alarming report published that the secretary is critically ill and will at once be taken to his home in Albany. The secretary, he thinks, will probably remain at the springs several days yet.

Serious Charges Against Knights of Labor.

DECATUR, Ind., June 25.—The excitement occasioned by the blowing up of Terver's hardware store has not abated. Terver insists that he had no explosives in his warerooms. He received an anonymous postal card from Brooklyn, N. Y., hinting that the Knights of Labor were responsible for the explosion. Terver sells the Empire reaper made by John F. Selberling, at Akron, O., and he has had difficulty with several of the machines, found to be spiked. In March the Knights of Labor issued a boycott against Selberling, and Terver believes himself to be the victim of a plot. The receipt of the postal card has completely prostrated him. He states that he has evidence which will doubtless cause the arrest of the guilty parties in a few days.

Judge Matthews Married.

NEW YORK, June 25.—Judge Stanley Matthews was married this morning to Mrs. Mary Theaker, of Cleveland, O. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's cousin, Mr. Charles Parson, jr., in this city. The Rev. William R. Paxton, of Princeton, N. J., officiated, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Richard D. Harton, of the First Presbyterian church here. There were about 50 relatives and friends present.

THE CHICAGO BOMB-THROWER.

Evidence that He was Killed by Policeman Madden.

CHICAGO, June 28.—"The man who threw the bomb is dead." This startling remark was made last evening by Oscar Neebe, one of the eight men now arraigned in Judge Gary's court for complicity in the Haymarket massacre.

"It is no wonder," he continued, "that the police have not found him. The man who threw the bomb was Rheinhold Krueger, who tried to kill Officer Michael Madden the day after the Haymarket riot, and who was fatally shot by Madden. Krueger was driven to desperation by the deed he did on the night of May 4. All that night he and a companion spent in the saloons on Milwaukee avenue, drinking hard. They were armed, and on Wednesday Krueger was heard to say in one of these places that he was determined to kill the first policeman he met and die with him. He feared capture and hanging, and made up his mind to die with his boots on."

This remarkable story led to an investigation of Krueger's record. William Seliger, the indicted man who will give state's evidence, says Krueger was one of the conspirators who was present at the secret meeting held on West Lake street on the night of May 3. Lingg, Engel, Fischer, Hirschberger and Apel were there. It was at that meeting that the plot was laid. The investigations made by State's Attorney Grinnell and Capt. Schaack revealed the fact that Krueger was one of the most radical of the anarchists, a constant inciter of offensive action. His name was found among the lists in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office. His description tallies in every way with that given by John Bernet of the man who threw the bomb. He was known to be engaged with Louis Lingg and two other men in the manufacture of dynamite and bombs. He attended the Haymarket meeting with a man named Wilhelm Boege. After the terrible affair, the two went on a debauch, and late in the afternoon of the following day made their way gradually toward the scene of the massacre. In a saloon on the corner of Desplaines and Fulton streets, Krueger displayed a bull-dog revolver, and declared that he would kill the first policeman he saw. Officer Madden was not far away, on the Desplaines street viaduct, and he ran to the saloon. Krueger put his revolver near Madden's left breast and fired. The officer dragged his assailant to the sidewalk, where they engaged in a life-and-death struggle. Officers Daley and Hartnett ran to the scene, and Daley shot Krueger in the right thigh, bringing him to his knees. Madden cried, as he fell with him, 'You have killed me and I will kill you.' He put the revolver against Krueger's forehead, and the ball pierced the anarchist's brain through to the base.

The two men were taken to the hospital. Madden recovered rapidly; Krueger lay unconscious until some time after midnight between Saturday and Sunday following, when he died. His brother, Charles Krueger, living at 61 Austin avenue, watched over him and took his body.

A few days after Kruger was shot some friends removed two trunks from his room on North Paulina street to a house near the corner of Robey street and Bloomingdale road. Two weeks later 30 loaded dynamite bonds were found under a sidewalk at that point. The police say that they had evidence to convince them that the bombs had been carried in one of the trunks from Krueger's room, but they declined to make it public.

Pres. Cleveland Working for a Renomination.

WASHINGTON, June 28.—The developments of the past few days in the line of Democratic candidates for the Presidency in 1888, indicate that Cleveland's stock is growing rapidly for a renomination. This sudden rise is due to the fact that many of the Congressional nominations are being made just now, and every Democratic candidate for the National Legislature feels it incumbent on himself to throw a little taffy towards the White House, not only to make himself solid with the delegates in his convention who admire the President, though they are few in number, but to make sure of a few crumbs in the way of patronage which Grover will give unto them. Vetoes of pension bills make Cleveland very popular with those who opposed the boys who wore the blue during the war, and all he has to do is to veto every pension bill that comes along to make the South solid for him in the next national convention, and it has the South solid at his back, scattering votes enough can be obtained from Northern states to insure a renomination in spite of anything Tammany Hall or other strong party organizations may do. The candidate most prominently mentioned outside the White House thus far has been Speaker Carlisle, but now there is talk that if Cleveland should be renominated the ticket would be very strong with Carlisle in the second place "Cleveland and Carlisle" is already a watchword with the free traders who long remember the efforts which the President put forth to aid Morrison with his tariff bill. Such a ticket would also make double sure that the Southern states would remain solidly within the Democratic column.

Fitz John Porter Says He Is Happy Now.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The following telegram was sent by Gen. Fitz John Porter to Sen. Wm. J. Sewell, of New Jersey, and explains itself:

"God bless you and your associates for your kind, generous and earnest efforts in my behalf. Now I am indeed happy. You have sustained the acts of my army comrades and other friends, dead and living, whose unwavering support through these many years has ever warmed my heart and brightened my hopes. You have put the seal of commendation on the findings of the advisory board, so honorable to its members and so just to me, and at last, thanks to you and my many friends in and out of Congress, I can enjoy a triumph so grateful and so complete."

To a reporter he said with a smile: "The restoration to the army is one which affects my honor more than my pocket. The bill does not authorize any back pay. Under Pres. Arthur I was restored to my rights as a citizen, and this bill gives me a few additional rights. After being restored to the army I shall, of course, be placed on the retired list."

Funeral of Judge Davis.

BLOMINGTON, ILL., June 29.—The obsequies of David Davis occurred here this afternoon. The services were arranged by the family, in accord with the quiet, modest tastes of the deceased. Nevertheless, so general was the mourning and so universal the desire to accord to the distinguished dead the last honors, that the funeral assumed imposing proportions. The day was perfect, with bright sunshine and a cool breeze. The city was thronged with people, and business was practly suspended all day and entire during the funeral services hours. A special train brought Gov. Ogelsby and his staff and one hundred lawyers from Springfield, Decatur and Clinton.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Mr. G. H. Wilkinson, of Springfield, O., an old attache of the S. Treasury Department, has been removed for political reasons.

The pet rhinoceros of Bomby, of New York, died of pneumonia. He weighed two and one-half tons. The skeleton will be placed in the museum.

Dispatches from Decatur, Rockford and other points in Central Illinois report a severe hail and wind storm Thursday, which did great damage to crops.

The Philadelphia *Jewish Record*, a weekly paper devoted to the historical and religious interests of Israelites, announces that publication will be suspended for the present.

A certificate was filed at Buffalo stating that a girl 14 years of age had given birth, June 22, to a female child. The father is her stepbrother, who has fled. He is 21 years of age.

Rosette, whose nomination as postmaster at Dekalb, Ill., was rejected by the Senate, is the man who said editorially in his paper that he was glad Grant was dead and hoped he was in hell.

John A. Brown, a moonshiner, resisted revenue officers nine miles from Atlanta. He threw stones at Deputy Marshal McDonald, striking him several times. McDonald shot and killed Brown, and wounded Joe. Overton, another moonshiner.

A case has been filed in the Ohio Supreme court from Cuyahoga county to test the lien feature of the low liquor law, the case, as was proposed in the case brought from Hamilton county, and which the attorneys for the liquor dealers resisted a hearing of.

The harness manufacturers of the United States met in convention at Pittsburg, and organized by electing O. C. Gothright, of Louisville, president. The object of the association is protection against strikes. The next convention will be held in New York next month.

Jones & Laughlin's nail factory, Pittsburg, has been put in operation, after being idle since May 29, 1885. This is the first factory to start under the scale arranged by the Amalgamated association last Friday. It has 65 machines, and will employ about 20 nailers and 65 feeders, besides heaters, rollers and packers. Preparations to start are being actively pushed at the other factories.

WILL THEY NEVER LEARN

That the Railways are Too Much for Them—More Foolishness by Chicago Switchmen, Who are of course Beaten in the End.

CHICAGO, June 23.—The Lake Shore men employed at the Union stock yards quit work at 2:30 this afternoon, owing to the refusal of the railroad company to discharge the eight non-union men. Committees are now going to the other yards of the railroad in the city to induce all the union men to stop work. The Lake Shore is refusing to accept any more live stock over its road.

The switchmen of Englewood and all along the line in the city joined the strikers. No trains were allowed to move. About 3 o'clock an effort was made to start at Forty-third street. Suddenly a mob appeared upon the scene, the members of which tried by throwing a switch to ditch the engine and train, and did succeed in getting the caboose off the track. Separate sections of the mob attacked the train men, throwing coupling pins at them, and kicking and pounding them.

CHICAGO, June 24.—The situation in the yards of the Lake Shore railroad, in this city, remain unchanged. The regular passenger trains are running as usual, but an effectual blockade of freight traffic has ocurred. No freight trains have been moved, and up to 8 o'clock no attempt of any character has been made to make up any trains.

CHICAGO, June 25.—This evening a train of thirteen flat cars, rushing along the Rock Island tracks which run parallel with the Lake Shore, was boarded by several hundred of the mob. The officers saw nothing significant about this proceeding, but it proved to be part of a carefully laid plan on the part of the strikers.

CHICAGO, June 26.—Shortly after the Lake Shore strikers blockaded the tracks last night, by throwing a lot of empty cars across from the Rock Island tracks, the night express, consisting of eleven coaches and carrying the United States mail, ran down the west bound track, but finding the track blocked, ran back and was switched on the east-bound track at the rate of about eight miles an hour. At Fifty-first street, just before the train reached the switch, a man ran out and turned the switch as the train came along. The locomotive immediately jumped the track, carrying the tender and the forward truck of the first coach off with it. For a minute there was a terrible jarring and knocking about, and then the train came to a standstill.

A TRAIN CAPTURED BY STIKERS—COWARDLY POLICE.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the Lake Shore officials took an engine out of the roundhouse at Forty-third street, and under a strong police guard, attached it to a caboose and started south toward Englewood. There was a large and excited crowd at Forty-third street, supplemented by a large number of idle men and boys. In the caboose were a number of town of Lake police and Pinkerton's police.

Immediately after the engine had started the strikers made an attack on the engine house, and drove away the few deputies on guard there. They then took possession of two locomotives which had been fired up, and proceeded south on the railroad to overtake the caboose.

This high-handed proceeding was witnessed by a large crowd, which made wild demonstrations of approval as the locomotives pulled out. On board the locomotives were 40 or 50 strikers or their adherents. The captured locomotives were run at a high rate of speed, and soon overtook the train, the foremost locomotive running into the rear of the caboose, but not overturning it. The deputies in the caboose when the locomotive ran into the car, fired some shots from their revolvers, but as near as can be learned injured no one.

The police then deserted from the train and fled toward Englewood. The mob at once took possession of the train, and ditched it. The excitement over the affair is very great. The police appear to have lost complete control, and the strikers are in practical possession of the railway company's shops and property outside of the city.

CHICAGO, June 29.—In an interview published this morning, Sheriff Hanchett replies to charges of neglect of duty made by railroad officials and others, by saying that he had, during the present strike, rendered all the assistance the Lake Shore company required, and would continue to do so. He added that after the injunctions against some 70 principal strikers were secured, he called upon Mr. Newell and requested him to inform him of the places of residence of the strikers so he could serve the writs upon them, and Mr. Newell positively refused to furnish him with such list.

A TRAIN STARTED.

The Lake Shore railway company has at last succeeded in getting a freight train started from the yards at Root street. The blockade was broken at 12:15 p. m. At that hour the switch engines which had been busy in the yards making the train steamed onto the sidetracks, and as the regular engine coupled onto the train, the special police with their Winchester rifles ready, stood by on the alert. The guns were too much for the crowds who thronged the streets in the vicinity, and not an attempt was made to interfere with the trainmen. When everything was ready for the start a detail of Pinkerton men armed with rifles, climbed onto the engine and the tops of the cars. Their appearance gave the scene a warlike appearance.

Before the train started, a switch engine to which a caboose was attached, and also heavily guarded, steamed onto the main track in front of the eastern points, but the conductor only had orders to proceed to South Chicago.

The train reached Englewood at 12.20 p. m. having run the gauntlet of the strikers from Forty-third street without molestation. At the Fifty-first street crossing there was a large crowd of men and boys, who jeered as the train passed by, but offered no violence.

STARTING THE TRAINS.

The Lake Shore railroad company began operations at 8 a. m. at that hour 250 police and Pinkerton men, the latter armed as on yesterday with Winchester rifles, taking possession of the Forty-third street switching yards. By 9 o'clock two long freight trains had been made up and started south, carrying strong armed guards, but met with no molestation. At 10 o'clock a Pinkerton squad accompanied a switch engine to the Union stock yards to get a train of live stock.

At noon trains were being made up at both the Forty-third street and Englewood yards, and were being sent out as usual. Each train was guarded by ten or twelve Pinkerton men, who were armed with Winchesters. The strikers gave the Root street crossing a wide berth, and few of them were to be found in the vicinity. A freight train was made up at the Stock Yards during the forenoon, and was sent East without any interference.

Important Medical Discovery.

ANN ARBOR, June 26.—Dr. V. C. Vaughan, in examining a specimen of the ice cream which recently poisoned a number of persons at Newton, Mich., has made the important discovery that tyrotoxicon, the active element in poisonous cheese, which he discovered some time since, was also present in the ice cream and was the cause of the sickness. This proves that tyrotoxicon is due to the decompostion of milk, and may be developed in any vessel which is kept in impure atmosphere or unclean vessels. The germ seems to multiply very rapidly, and a small amount of tainted milk will poison a whole can. It is Dr. Vaughan's theory that tyrotoxicon does much to do with cholera infantum, the symptoms of which are similar to the symptoms of cheese-poisoning. The doctor will present a detailed statement of his discoveries to the state board of Health at its next meeting.

A Present from the Prince of Wales.

NEW YORK, June 26.—A magnificent jewel, supposed to have cost between $3,000 and $4,000, was received at Newark yesterday by Past Grand Master William E. Pine. It was a present from the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England. Mr. Pine, in December last, was appointed representative of the Grand Lodge of England for the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, and this jewel was transmitted to him as the insignia of his office. The jewel is of gold and enamel, in the form of a square and compass, and surmounted with a coat-of-arms of the prince. On one side is engraved the following inscription: "Representative of the Grand Lodge of England at the Grand Lodge of New Jersey." It is probably the finest and most valuable jewel of its size in the country.

Stole $80,000.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 26.—Arthur G. Ogilby who while treasurer, stole $80,000 from the Dime Savings bank of New Brunswick, will be taken before the Middlesex court to-day, and if he cannot furnish bail, will go to jail. He has been pronounced "sane by Dr. Ward, of the State Lunatic asylum. The grand jury indicted him at the last term of court for embezzlement and breach of trust.

James R. Hoffecker, of Middletown, was nominated as prohibition candidate for governor of Delaware.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Sen. Miller's Views—Illinois Prohibitionists—The Knights of Labor—Policy of the Administration.

SENSIBLE TALK BY SEN. MILLER.

NEW YORK, June 25.—U. S. Sen. Warner Miller, addressing the graduating class at Union college at Schenectady yesterday on "The position and duties of educated men in a republic," gave particular stress to the importance of young men taking an interest in political matters. The senator said: "I know there is much modern teaching, the tendency of which is to keep educated men and scholars from taking part in public affairs. Too many American colleges are turning out a class of young men who are making no adequate return to the state for their education. They hold themselves aloof from politics, as though they feared contamination. If their education has not been of that sterling quality which produces hearts and intellects capable of resisting the temptation of flattery, wealth and power, they have been educated in vain, and should be made to pass life in their cloisters, protected from the evils of a wicked world. We have too many educated men who are un-American in their sympathies, and un-democratic in their views. If they believe in the supremancy of republican institutions, they fail to give expression to that belief, or to do anything to advance the permanent interests of the commonwealth. If we shouig judge from their adoption of foreign manners, their advocacy of foreign political theories, and their devotion to foreign literature, that they preferred an aristocratic to a republican form of government, we should not go wide of the truth. That such results are possible in American colleges is to be regretted, and calls for an immediate remedy, for it is doing much to injure and disparage our colleges among the people."

KNIGHTS WILL DEMAND PLEDGES.

LEWISTON, Me., June 26.—The Knights of Labor in this state propose to address open letters to the candidates for the office of governor, and to all candidates for the legislature demanding a decided "yes" or "no," without any "glittering generalizations." Among other things in the interests of labor, they will demand that the candidates pledge themselves to vote for a ten-hour law, employers' liability bill, repeal of the law of imprisonment for debt, and the abolition of the trustee's process.

ALABAMA REPUBLICANS.

MONTGOMERY, June 27.—The Republican state convention met here to-day with about 100 delegates present, one-half white. Speeches were made favoring the nomination of a state ticket. All utterances were for protective tarrif and the Blair educational bill.

The convention declined to nominate a ticket. They leave it with the executive committee to put out one or not, as they may think best.

ILLINOIS PROHIBITIONISTS.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 28.—The Prohibition state convention met here to-day with about 500 delegates in attendance. J. Cayenne Pepper, of Aledo, was elected chairman, and the day was spent in talk and preliminary work. The convention will nominate a state ticket to-morrow.

SPRINGFIELD, June 24.—The committee on platform to-day reported a series of resolutions which were unanimously adopted. The declaration of principles is embodied in the following preamble:

"WHEREAS, The liquor traffic is justly charged with organized and rebellious opposition to the existing statutes, with the merciless oppression of thousands of innocent women and children; with nefarious attempts to debauch the morals of our youth; with the parentage of most of the crime and lawlessness, misery and want prevailing among us; with conspiracy to corrupt politics and legislation, and with the contribution of sympathy and aid to rioters, communists and anarchists; therefore, we call upon all good citizens to renounce allegiance to the party allies of that traffic, and unite with us for the extirpation of this odious cause of crime, disorder, social disintegration and abounding misery."

The platform then demands the absolute prohibition of the sale and manufacture of liquor, and demands that the right of suffrage be granted to women, and that the people be given an opportunity to vote for a prohibitory amendment.

THE POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Mr. Robertson, a Democratic member from Kentucky, has recently got some news about the policy of the administration in filling the offices. It will interest other Democratic Congressmen. A few days ago he called on Commissioner Colman, at the agricultural department, and told that official he would like a place for one of his constituents. The commissioner told him that there were no vacancies and it was next to impossible to find a position for any one. The Kentucky member got his blood up and replied that it was very strange that a Democratic official could not obtain a position in any of the departments, while a blanked Massachusetts mugwump could come here and walk in without any hindrance whatever being offered. Commissioner Colman's first assistant came in and informed him that it was not the policy of the administration to give out the patronage in a haphazard manner, but the offices were to be saved until just before the election this fall and then distributed among the doubtful states, such as Connecticut, Ohio, Indiana, California, and a few others.

DAKOTA LANDS.

A Decision Involving 1,100,000 Acres of Valuable Land.

MANDAN, Dak., June 29.—Register Rhea, of the Bismarck Land Office, has received a decision from Commissioner Sparks in the John Walton Winona town site case, which marks a radical change in what was supposed to be the rights of the Northern Pacific railroad to lands located in what is known as the Ten-mile Indemnity Grant. The town site of Winona is on the east bank of the Mouse River, opposite Fort Yates, and is considered valuable property. Lots sold there from $50 to $100, and the controversy involves about $100,000. The town was platted by the railroad, which owns a half-interest, and the other half belongs principally to Henry Douglass and Maj. MacLaughlin, of Standing Rock.

Some time ago John Walton, the first settler in Bismarck, and who located on the site of Winona several years ago, made application at the Bismarck land office to file on a homestead covering the town of Winona on the ground that he located there in good faith as a homesteader prior to the time when the railroad had any color of title to the property. This application was refused and he appealed to the General Land Office. Commissioner Sparks now sustains the appeal, and orders the local office at Bismarck to receive the filing. The decision of the commissioner is based upon the ground principally that the railroad failed to make good its selection within the indemnity grant by naming the land actually lost. The present decision, therefore, holds that because the railroad failed to make a proper selection of its indemnity lands, it has no legitimate claim to any lands outside of the original 40-mile grant.

This decision practically results in throwing open for settlement all the odd sections between the 40 and 50-mile grants, involving about 1,100,000 acres of land in Dakota. The decision is one of great importance, and a number of persons will take advantage thereof to rush into the territory thus thrown open for settlement.

Col. Clough, counsel for the Northern Pacific, says of the decision of Commissioner Sparks:

An act under which the company claims provides that selection shall be made under the direction of the secretary of the Interior. May 28, 1883, Sec. feller made an order which has never been revoked, especially relieving the company from the necessity of specifying the tract of land lost when making its selectfon of indemnity lands, so that the decision of Commissioner Sparks is directly in the teeth of the order of the secretary of the Interior. The tract of land involved was selected in strict accordance with the law. The company confidently expects that Sec. Lamar will reverse the decision of the commissioner."

Fight Between Eight and Ten-Hour Men.

CHICAGO, June 29.—A hand-to-hand combat occurred this morning between some union and non-union men at the new Jacob building. The non-unionists, fourteen in number, have been at work for the last few days finishing the odd jobs. They worked ten hours a day at the rate of 25 cents per hour. They took the place of the men who struck May 1 for eight hours. The unionists held a meeting, last night, and determined to put their enemies to flight. They accordingly appeared on the scene this morning, and, with clubs and stones, succeeded in bruising several of the non-union men, but were frightened away by the police before anything serious occurred. One of the rioters, named Boscer, was arrested, and when brought before Justice Scully was fined $25.

Miss Cleveland to Take Charge of a Chicago Paper.

CHICAGO, June 25.—The announcement is published here that Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is to make Chicago her home. For some weeks the manager of the Elder Publishing company has been in communication with her relative to her coming to this city and taking charge of the editorial department of *Literary Life*. A dispatch received this morning states that he has completed all arrangements with Miss Cleveland, and that she will come on at once to take the position named.

Winchester's

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Canadian Talk About Closer Relations With the United States — Parliament Prorogued—English Elections—Foreign Notes.

MONTREAL, June 29.—Considerable excitement prevails in political circles about the Young Men's Liberal Convention, which will meet in Norpheimer hall, on Wednesday next. Eight hundred delegates, representing political clubs from every important city or town in the Dominion, will attend. Young Canada will assert itself by claiming the right to negotiate its own treaties with the United States as well as with other foreign countries. The abolition of life senatorships will be advocated also of the vetoing power of the Federal government over provincial legislative acts. A liberal measure of reciprocity with the United States will be demanded, and the proposed federation of the British empire, as far as including the Dominion of Canada, will be strongly condemned But the main plank in the Young Liberal platform for the coming Federal elections will be the independence of Canada. The French liberal party in the province of Quebec, supported by a large section of the Conservatives and of the English speaking population, have already pronounced for independence. A strong national party favoring independence is sending delegates to Montreal to join hands with the French nationalists. In Nova Scotia, the Prime Minister, Mr. Fielding, who has just carried the province by a majority of five to one, is strong for independence; and in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island the leading men advocate indevendence, and a full measure of reciprocity with the great American Republic.

Parliament Prorogued — The Queen's Speech.

LONDON, June 25.—Parliament was pr